Sir Real's

UNDERGROUND COMIX CLASSIX

Rip Off Comix #7

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3 - The Triangle Tryst
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12 - Cartoon Cavalcade Presents "The Bill Bland Show with Uncle Sam"
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WHAT DO WE CARE?! CLOWNS ARE NEVER OUT OF A JOB!

No. 7

RIPOFF COMIX

$1.25

DEALER McDOPE DOES THE TRIANGLE TRYST

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the adventures of FAT FREDDY'S CAT

©G.S.

GREAT DIGGS

© by R. Diggs

LOOKING FOR DR. FEELGOOD

© by Foolbert Sturgeon

CARTOON CAVALCADE

© BY JOEL BECK

Griffith Observatory

© by Bill Griffith

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"A TWO... THE DOINGS OF ...JOINT STORY"

DEALER McDOPE

SNAP

CRACKLE

POP!

THE TRIANGLE TRYST

© DAVE SHERIDAN 1980

McDOPE'S DIARY: 'CAN'T FIND **ANY** GOOD 'LUMBO ANYWHERE! AT LEAST ANYTHING WORTH THE PRICE! AND THIS **HOMEGROWN** IS OUTRAGEOUS BUT WHO CAN AFFORD $500 AN **OUNCE**?! IF ONLY...

RING!

HELLO McDOPE?! THIS IS **FLORIDA FRANK**! HAVE I GOT A **DEAL** FOR YOU!! **COLOMBIAN**!! **TONS OF IT**!! IN MY PRIVATE STASH DOWN IN THE **BAHAMAS**!! HOP A PLANE AND WE'LL **CLEAN UP**! IT'LL BE JUST LIKE THE **OLD** DAYS!

*

THE WHEELS TURN AND SOON TAKE WING. McDOPE AND FRIEND FLO FIND FLORIDA FRANK IN A HIGH STATE...

HOOEEE! THIS IS THE GREATEST SCAM EVER! THE DEALERS ASSOCIATION CALL IT "OPERATION LICKETY-SPIC" AND IT WORKED FABULOUSLY!!

WHEN WE HEARD THAT CASTRO WAS LETTING ALL THOSE PEOPLE GO, WE HIRED EVERY BOAT WE COULD FIND, AND... PRESTO! INSTANT MASSIVE DIVERSION OF THE COAST GUARD!

WE GOT SIX FREIGHTERS THRU IN ONE DAY!!

LIBERTAD! LIBERTAD! LIBERTAD! LIBERTAD!

YOU MEAN...

YEAH, THIRTY TONS OF SANTA MARTA GOLD!

BUT, MY SHARE IS STUCK ON A REEF NEAR REBOZO ISLAND... IF WE WANT IT WE GOTTA SAIL OUT AND GET IT!!

WHAT! I THOUGHT...

REBOZO ISLAND?

BUT DEALER, THINK OF ALL THAT WEED!!

I'LL GIVE YOU A SUPER PRICE, MAN!

IT'LL BE EASY! WE'LL TAKE MY BOAT... IT'S NOT FAR, 15 MILES OUT! ONE DAY, TOPS!!

WANT SOME TOOT?!

FRANK, I DON'T KNOW... IT'S...

SNIFF

DEALER, I'LL GIVE IT TO YOU FOR HALF PRICE!!

WHEN DO WE LEAVE?

THE FOLLOWING DAY

WE SHOULD BE THERE ABOUT 8 TONIGHT!

SAY, FRANK, ACCORDING TO THIS MAP, REBOZO ISLAND IS IN THE BERMUDA TRIANGLE!

THE... BERMUDA TRIANGLE!!

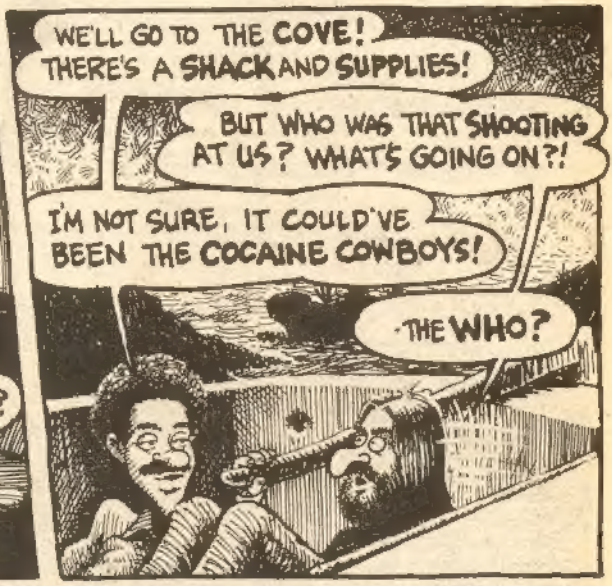
I'M NOT SETTING ONE FOOT ON THAT BOAT! YOU GUYS ARE NUTS!!

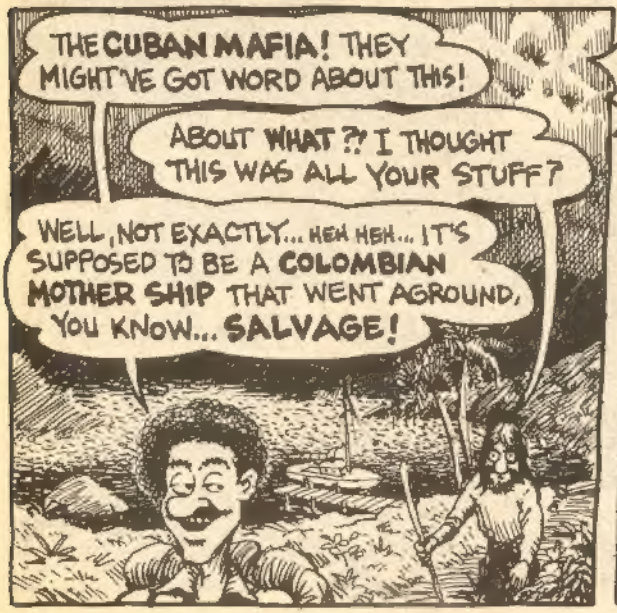
CRASH

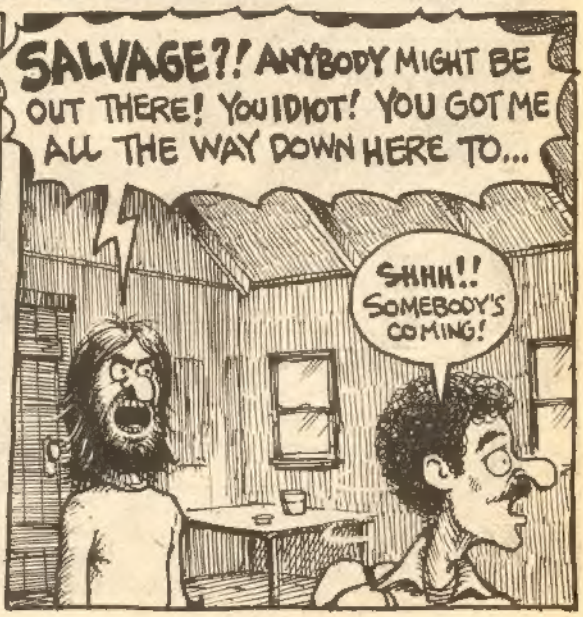
DON'T WORRY! PEOPLE SAIL OUT HERE ALOT...
IT'S ALL JUST A MYTH! HEY, NOTHING'S EVER HAPPENED...
...WHILE I'VE BEEN OUT HERE.
BOOM CRASH FLASH
WHOAA!
OW! EEYOW! OOMPHH!!
SPLASH
HEY, DEALER, THAT'S IT!! THAT'S THE STASH! MY GOD, HOW DID WE GET HERE SO FAST!?
THAT'S IT?? A SHIP! I THOUGHT IT WAS A FEW CRATES, OR SOME BALES, BUT CHRIST! A SHIP!!

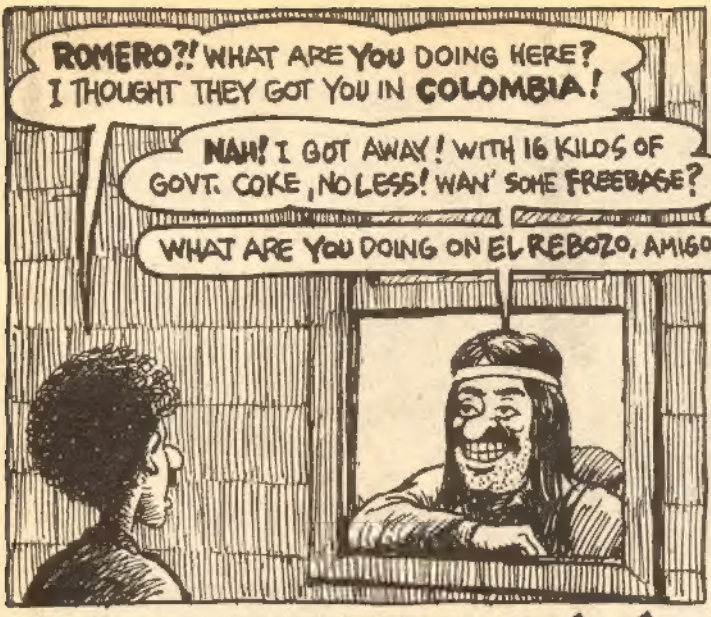
MAGNIFIED VIEW
BLAM
BLAM BLAM LAM
FRANK! SOMEONE'S SHOOTING AT US FROM THE SHIP ?! GET THE FUCK OUTA HERE!!

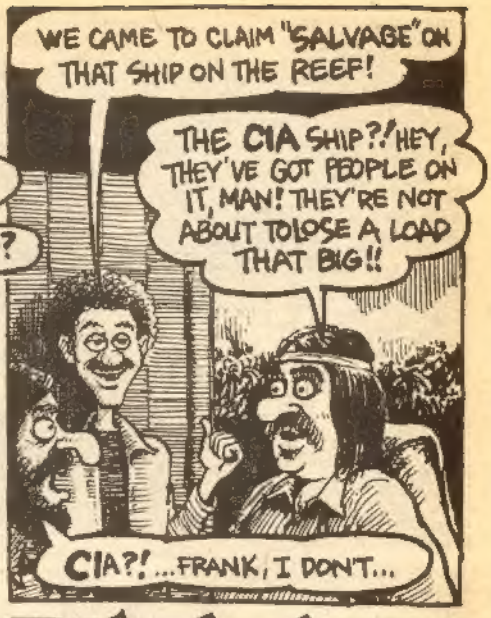
I GOTTA FIX THESE HOLES! WE'LL PULL INTO THE ISLAND!
ON THAT ROCK? WHERE?


WE'LL GO TO THE COVE! THERE'S A SHACK AND SUPPLIES!
BUT WHO WAS THAT SHOOTING AT US? WHAT'S GOING ON?!
I'M NOT SURE, IT COULD'VE BEEN THE COCAINE COWBOYS!
THE WHO?

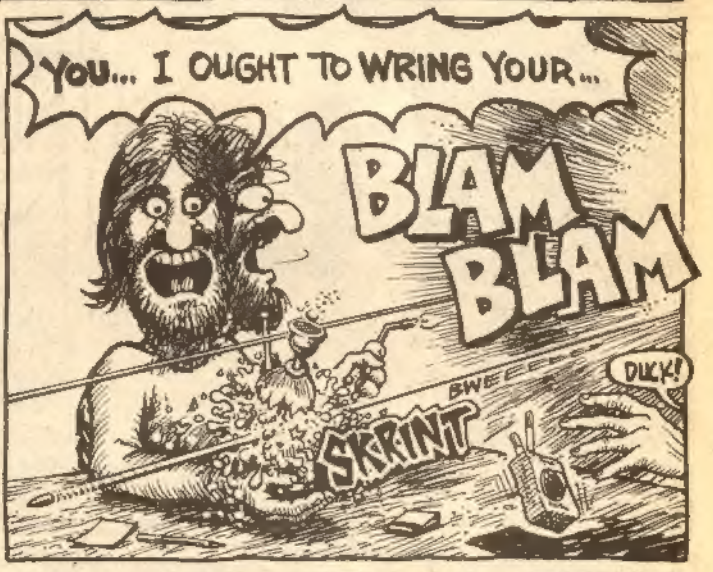

THE CUBAN MAFIA! THEY MIGHT'VE GOT WORD ABOUT THIS!
ABOUT WHAT ?! I THOUGHT THIS WAS ALL YOUR STUFF?
WELL, NOT EXACTLY... HEH HEH... IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE A COLOMBIAN MOTHER SHIP THAT WENT AGROUND, YOU KNOW... SALVAGE!

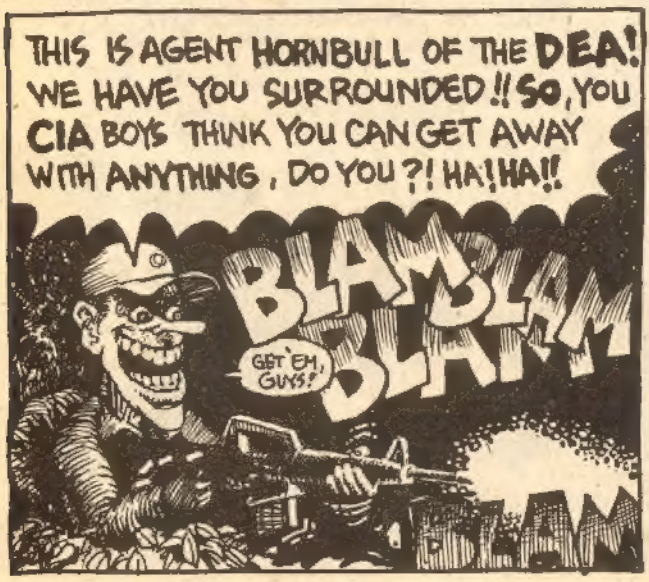

SALVAGE?! ANYBODY MIGHT BE OUT THERE! YOU IDIOT! YOU GOT ME ALL THE WAY DOWN HERE TO...
SHHH!! SOMEBODY'S COMING!

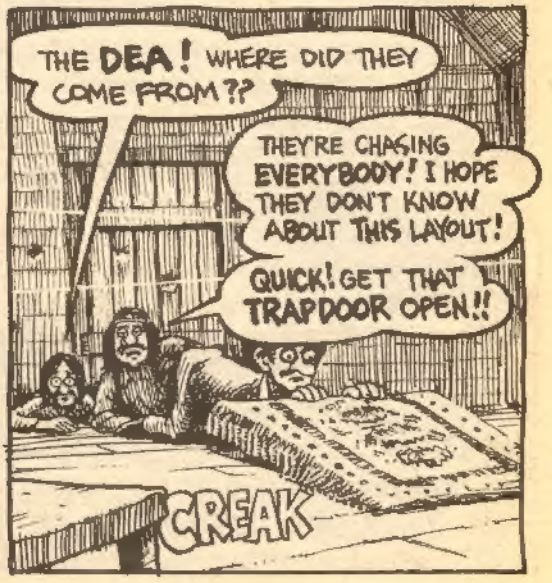

ROMERO?! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? I THOUGHT THEY GOT YOU IN COLOMBIA!
NAH! I GOT AWAY! WITH 16 KILOS OF GOVT. COKE, NO LESS! WAN' SOME FREEBASE?
WHAT ARE YOU DOING ON EL REBOZO, AMIGO?


WE CAME TO CLAIM "SALVAGE" ON THAT SHIP ON THE REEF!
THE CIA SHIP?! HEY, THEY'VE GOT PEOPLE ON IT, MAN! THEY'RE NOT ABOUT TO LOSE A LOAD THAT BIG!!
CIA?! ...FRANK, I DON'T...

...YOU DRAGGED ME OUT HERE TO CLAIM SALVAGE RIGHTS ON A SECRET CIA SHIP..?!
TOKE
TOKE
TOKE
TOKE
TOKE
TOKE
GEE DEALER, HOW WAS I TO KNOW?


YOU... I OUGHT TO WRING YOUR...
BLAM BLAM
SWEE
SKRINT
DUCK!

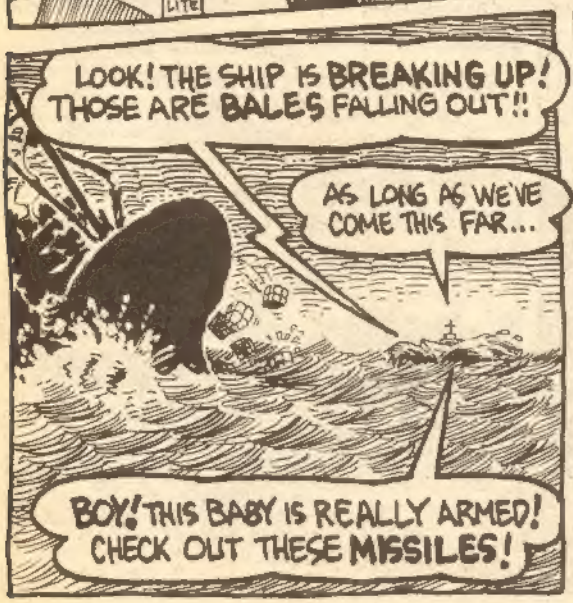

THIS IS AGENT HORNBULL OF THE DEA! WE HAVE YOU SURROUNDED!! SO, YOU CIA BOYS THINK YOU CAN GET AWAY WITH ANYTHING, DO YOU?! HA! HA!!
BLAM BLAM
GET 'EM, GUYS!
BLAM


THE DEA! WHERE DID THEY COME FROM??
THEY'RE CHASING EVERYBODY! I HOPE THEY DON'T KNOW ABOUT THIS LAYOUT!
QUICK! GET THAT TRAPDOOR OPEN!!
CREAK

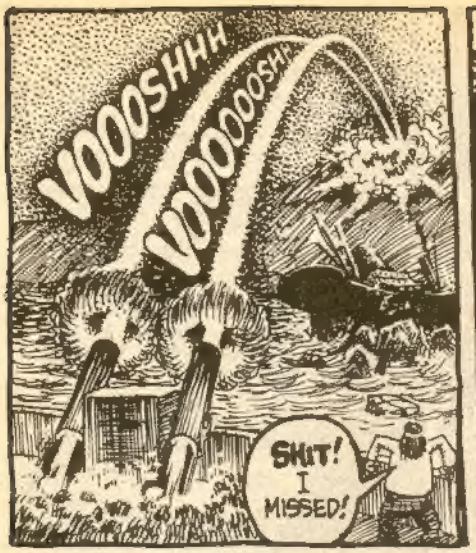
LOOK AT THAT! IT MUST BE THE DEA PURSUIT SHIP!
IT LOOKS DESERTED!

Ammo Supreme
ENFORCEMENT MONTHLY
KING LITE

VVROOOOM


LOOK! THE SHIP IS BREAKING UP! THOSE ARE BALES FALLING OUT!!
AS LONG AS WE'VE COME THIS FAR...
BOY! THIS BABY IS REALLY ARMED! CHECK OUT THESE MISSILES!

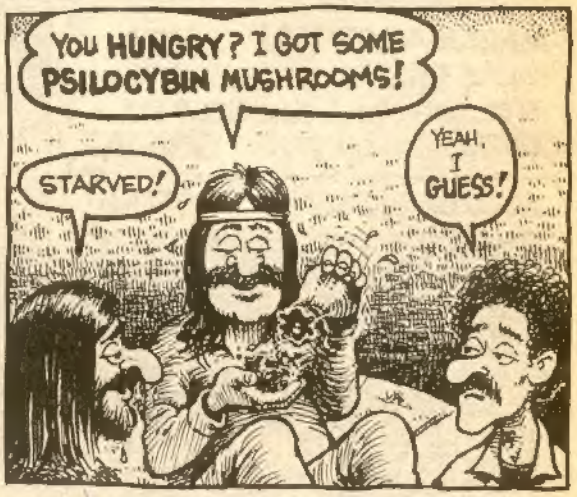
THEY'RE SHOOTING AGAIN! HEAVY STUFF!!
OH, YEAH? WATCH THIS!!
BLAM
FOOM


VOOOSHHH
VOOOOOSH
SHIT! I MISSED!

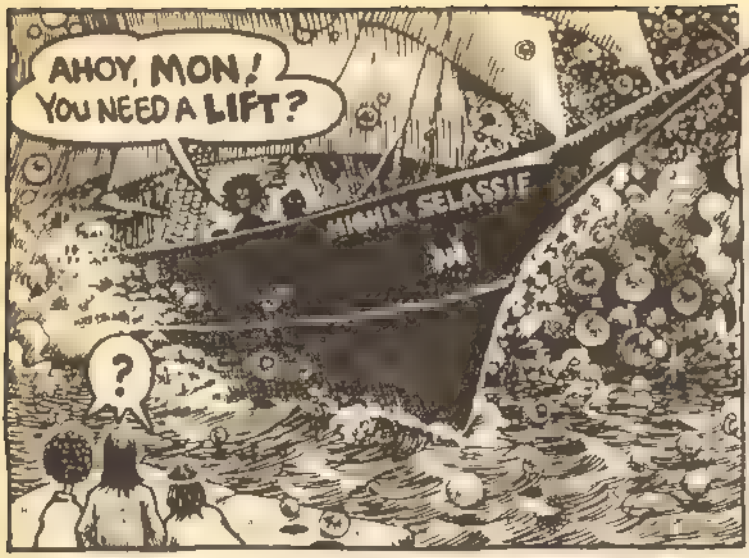
JUST THEN...
ZAP

KRACK

WOOEEE! I THINK THEY HAD MORE THAN POT ON THAT SHIP!
AT LEAST WE GOT SOME OF THE WEED!! NOW ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS SAIL IT BACK TO MIAMI!

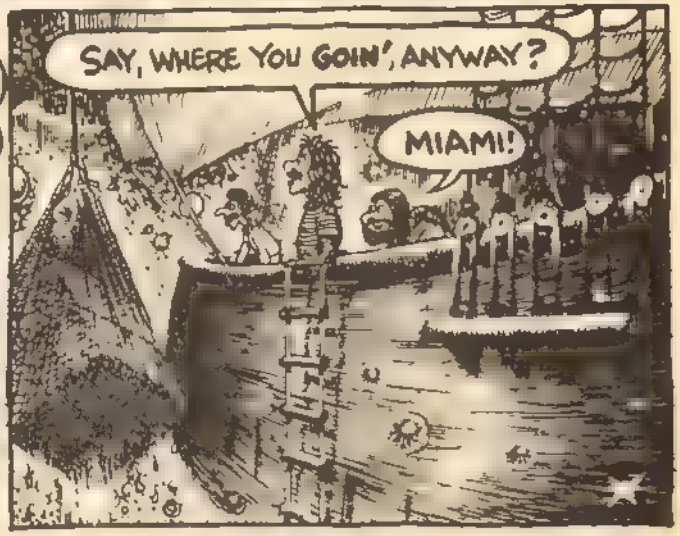

YOU HUNGRY? I GOT SOME PSILOCYBIN MUSHROOMS!
STARVED!
YEAH, I GUESS!

DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?


AHOY, MON! YOU NEED A LIFT?
HIGHLY SELASSIE
?

YOU LUCKY, MON! I AND I DON' USUALLY STOP FOR HITCH HIKERS! BAD LUCK!!
HEY, WHAT'S IN DE CRATE?
(SIGH) GRASS.

MARIJUANA?! HA! WE GOT A WHOLE SHIPFULL! 'ALWAYS TRAVEL IN DE FOG, MON! DON' NEED NO COMPASS WHEN YOU GOT GANJA!!
HOLD ON, WE' LOAD YOUR STASH!

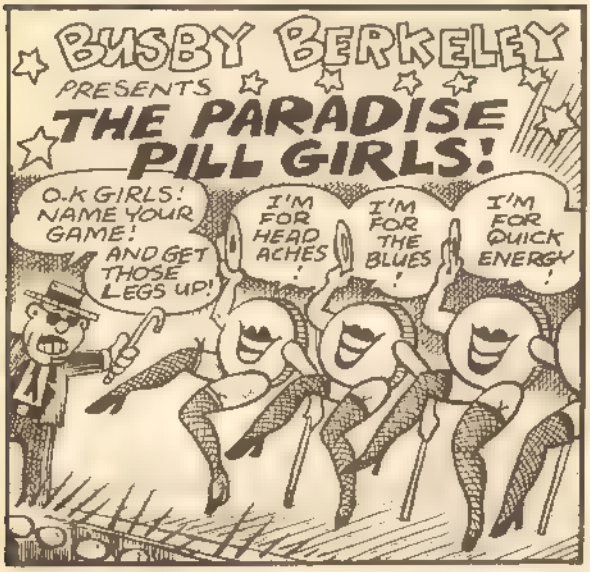

SAY, WHERE YOU GOIN', ANYWAY?
MIAMI!

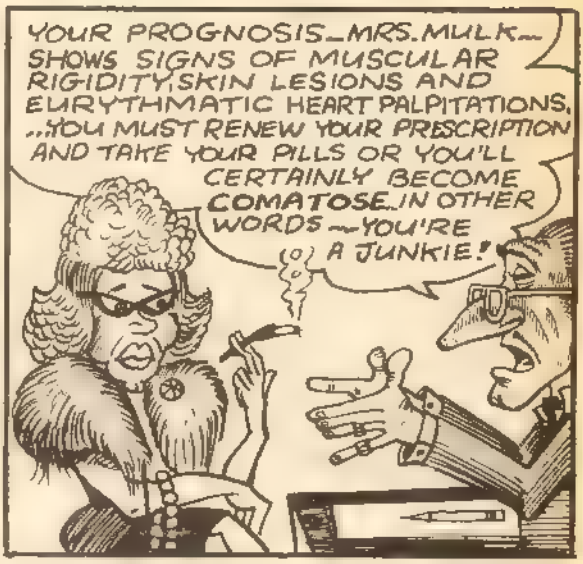
MIAMI?! HEY, WE BE DER TONIGHT! JUST ONE STOP FIRST, BUT WE CAN GET YOU WHERE YOU' GOIN'!
ONE STOP? WHERE?
FLICK

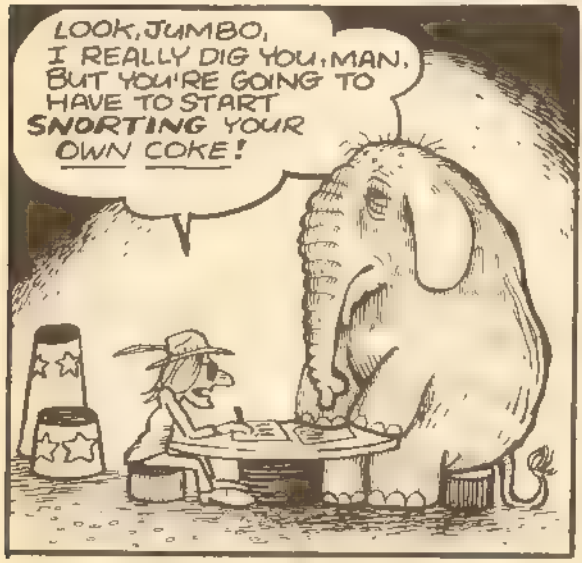
CLEVELAND!
The End

CARTOON CAVALCADE
BY JOEL BECK
PRESENTS
THE GREAT AMERICAN DRUG SCENE!

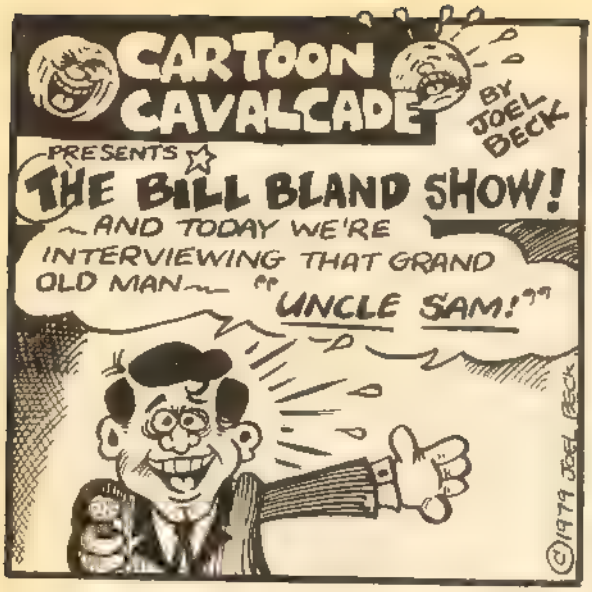
AND NOW... LOOKING FRESH AND HAPPY FROM HIS EUROPEAN ASIAN, MID-EAST, AFRICAN, CUBAN SOUTH AMERICAN TOUR, WE BRING YOU THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES!

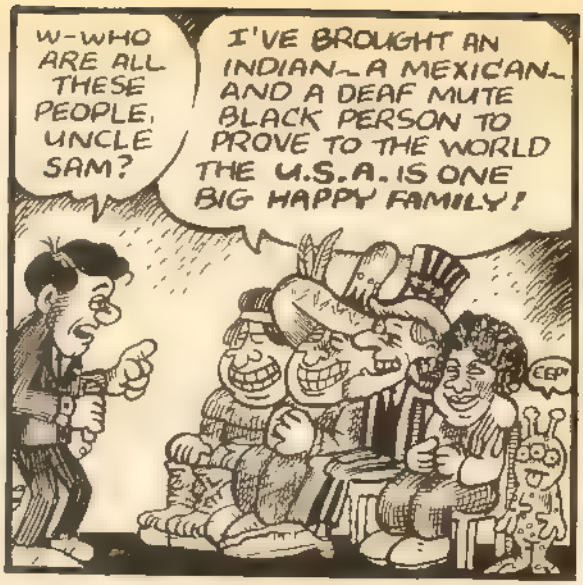

BUSBY BERKELEY
PRESENTS
THE PARADISE PILL GIRLS!
O.K GIRLS! NAME YOUR GAME!
AND GET THOSE LEGS UP!
I'M FOR HEAD ACHES!
I'M FOR THE BLUES!
I'M FOR QUICK ENERGY!

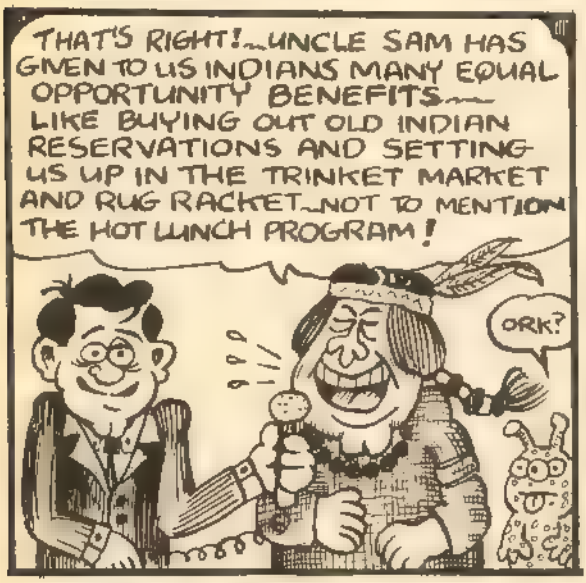

YOUR PROGNOSIS_MRS. MULK_ SHOWS SIGNS OF MUSCULAR RIGIDITY, SKIN LESIONS AND EURYTHMATIC HEART PALPITATIONS, ..YOU MUST RENEW YOUR PRESCRIPTION AND TAKE YOUR PILLS OR YOU'LL CERTAINLY BECOME COMATOSE. IN OTHER WORDS ~ YOU'RE A JUNKIE!

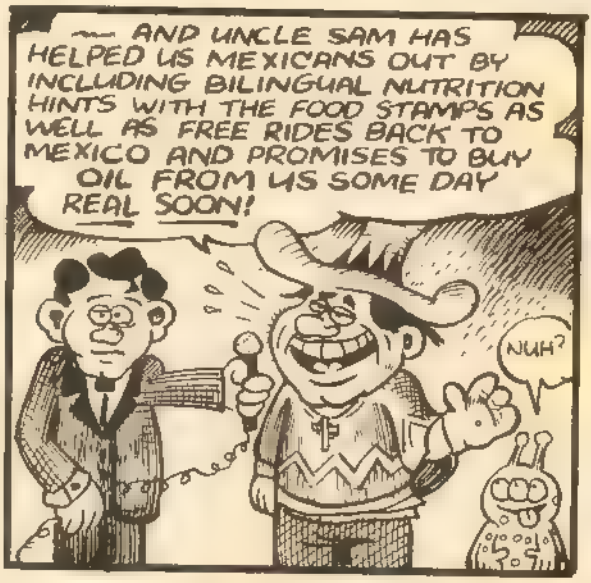

LOOK, JUMBO, I REALLY DIG YOU, MAN, BUT YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO START SNORTING YOUR OWN COKE!

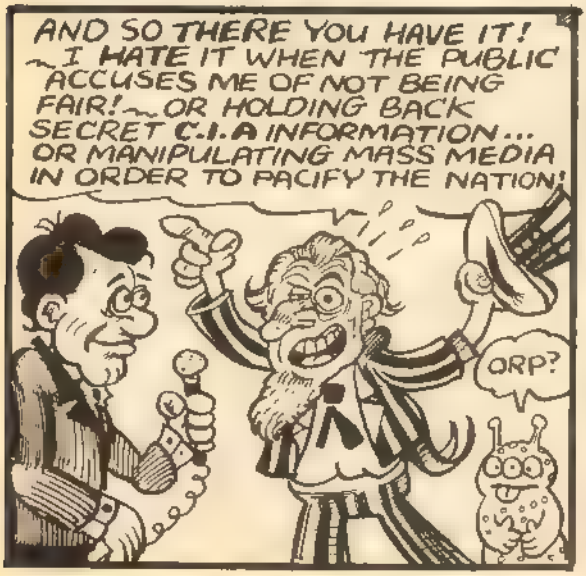
YES, I THINK THATS MUCH MORE ACCURATE!_
MOUNT RUSHMORE
©1973 BECK

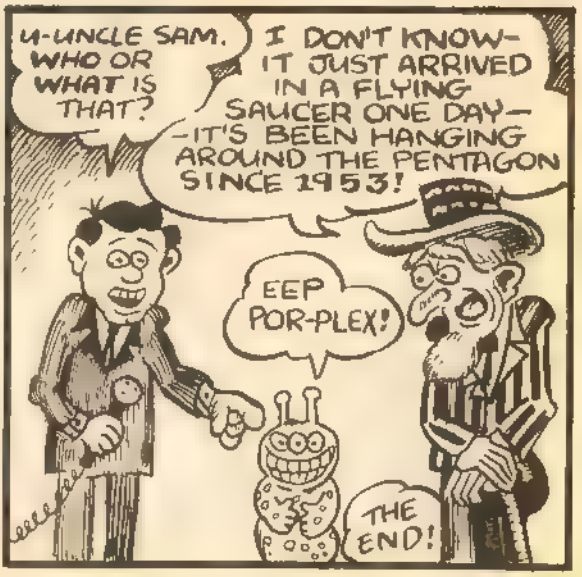

CARTOON CAVALCADE
BY JOEL BECK
PRESENTS
THE BILL BLAND SHOW!
~AND TODAY WE'RE INTERVIEWING THAT GRAND OLD MAN~~ "UNCLE SAM!"
©1979 JOEL BECK


W-WHO ARE ALL THESE PEOPLE, UNCLE SAM?
I'VE BROUGHT AN INDIAN~A MEXICAN~ AND A DEAF MUTE BLACK PERSON TO PROVE TO THE WORLD THE U.S.A. IS ONE BIG HAPPY FAMILY!
EEP


THAT'S RIGHT!~UNCLE SAM HAS GIVEN TO US INDIANS MANY EQUAL OPPORTUNITY BENEFITS~~ LIKE BUYING OUT OLD INDIAN RESERVATIONS AND SETTING US UP IN THE TRINKET MARKET AND RUG RACKET~NOT TO MENTION THE HOT LUNCH PROGRAM!
ORK?


~~ AND UNCLE SAM HAS HELPED US MEXICANS OUT BY INCLUDING BILINGUAL NUTRITION HINTS WITH THE FOOD STAMPS AS WELL AS FREE RIDES BACK TO MEXICO AND PROMISES TO BUY OIL FROM US SOME DAY REAL SOON!
NUH?


AND SO THERE YOU HAVE IT! ~I HATE IT WHEN THE PUBLIC ACCUSES ME OF NOT BEING FAIR!~OR HOLDING BACK SECRET C.I.A INFORMATION... OR MANIPULATING MASS MEDIA IN ORDER TO PACIFY THE NATION!
ORP?

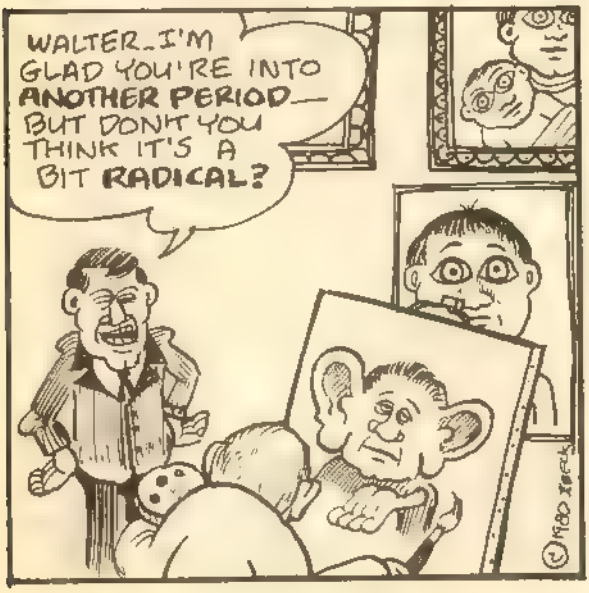

U-UNCLE SAM. WHO OR WHAT IS THAT?
I DON'T KNOW- IT JUST ARRIVED IN A FLYING SAUCER ONE DAY- -IT'S BEEN HANGING AROUND THE PENTAGON SINCE 1953!
EEP POR-PLEX!
THE END!

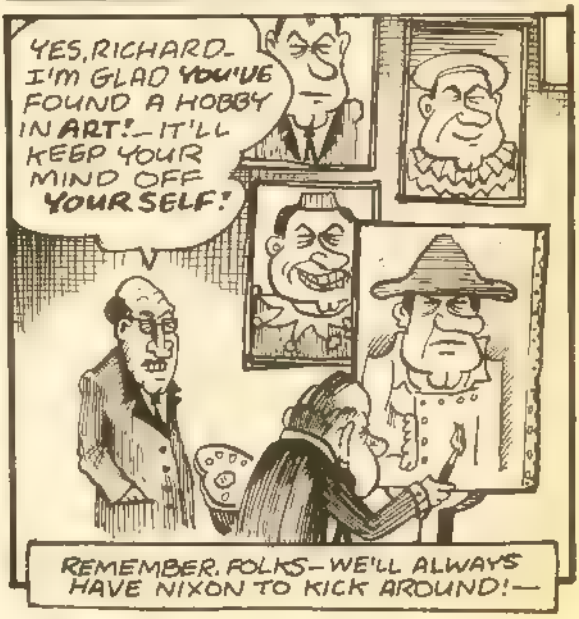
CARTOON CAVALCADE
BY JOEL BECK
PRESENTS
ART IN AMERICA
IT'S ART BUT IS IT NICE?
OH. YES, HOW TRUE?
I THINK ANDY WARHOL WENT TOO FAR THIS TIME!
THE ARTIST SEEMS TO BE UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF—UH—DRUGS.

I DON'T KNOW, OFFICER, HE WAS PAINTING A PORTRAIT OF KING TUT IN A OBSCENE POSITION WHEN—WHEN—

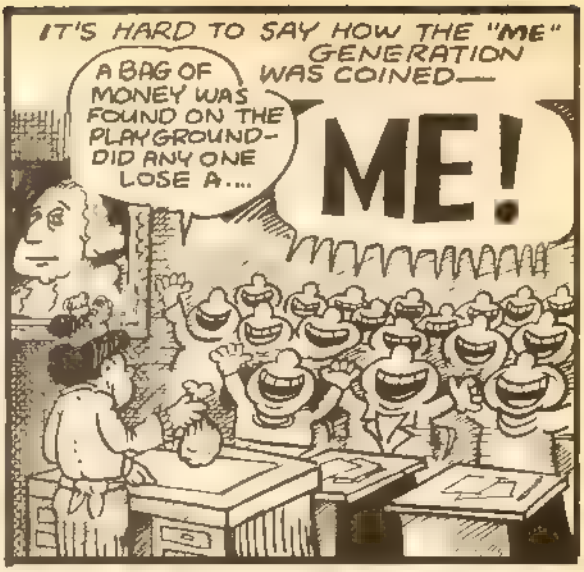
WELL—IT'S NICE—UH—
—BUT WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO SAY?

REMEMBER—MR. SHMUDGE—I AM AN ARTIST WHO PAINTS WHAT HE SEES!
SHMUDGE MORTGAGE AND LOAN
SHMUDGE INC.

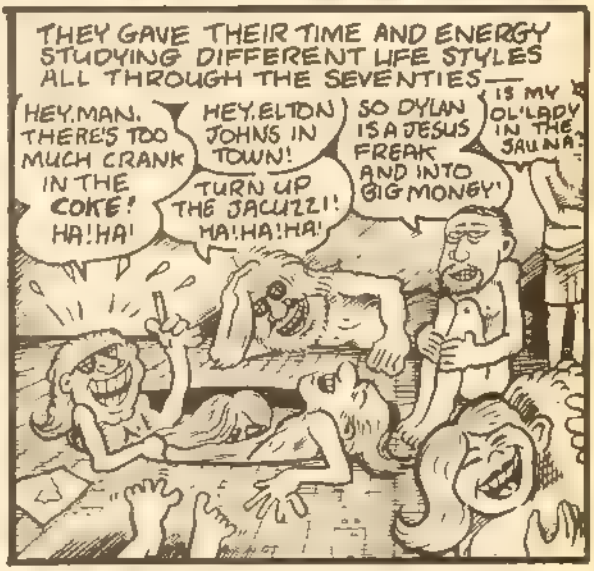

WALTER—I'M GLAD YOU'RE INTO ANOTHER PERIOD—BUT DON'T YOU THINK IT'S A BIT RADICAL?

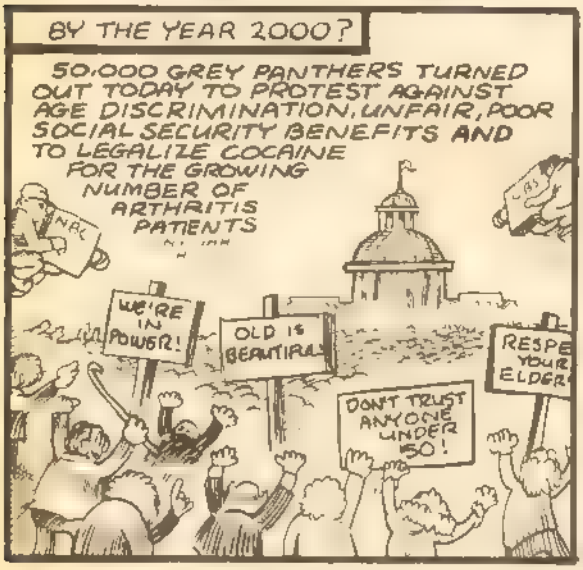

YES, RICHARD—I'M GLAD YOU'VE FOUND A HOBBY IN ART!—IT'LL KEEP YOUR MIND OFF YOURSELF!
REMEMBER, FOLKS—WE'LL ALWAYS HAVE NIXON TO KICK AROUND!—

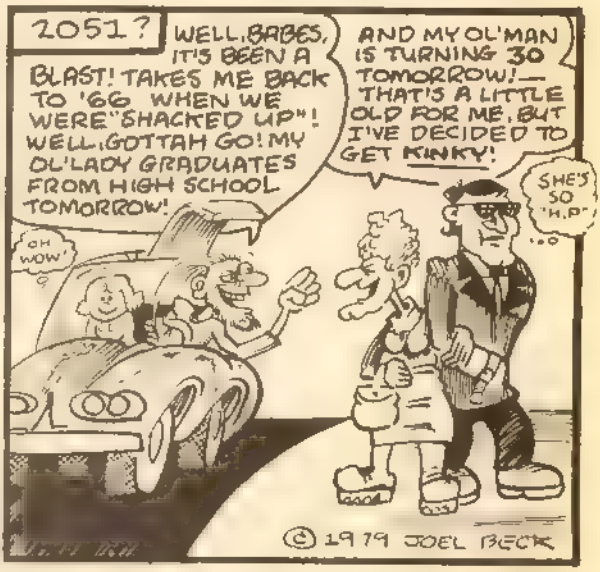
CARTOON CAVALCADE
BY JOEL BECK
PORTRAIT OF THE "ME" GENERATION!
...IF WE DON'T WANT A NEUROTIC BABY_SPOCK SAYS_WE SHOULDN'T....


IT'S HARD TO SAY HOW THE "ME" GENERATION WAS COINED—
A BAG OF MONEY WAS FOUND ON THE PLAYGROUND- DID ANY ONE LOSE A....
ME!

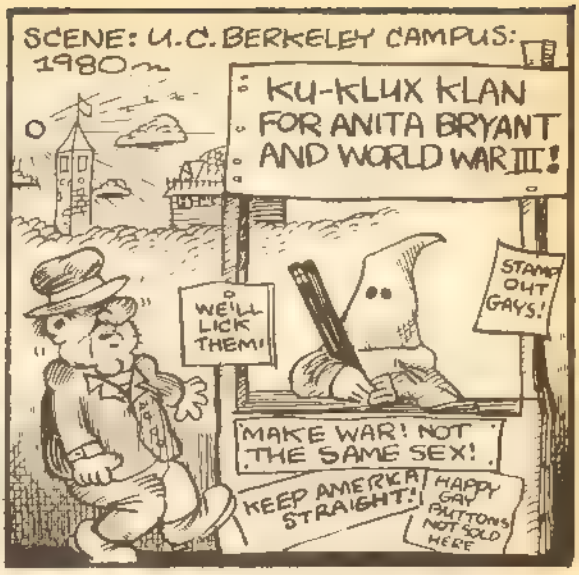
THEY FOUGHT HARD AND BRAVE FOR HUMAN RIGHTS ALL THROUGH THE SIXTIES!
DON'T TRUST ANYONE OVER THIRTY!
FREE SEX!
LEGALIZE DOPE!
FREE SPEECH
YOUTH POWER!


THEY GAVE THEIR TIME AND ENERGY STUDYING DIFFERENT LIFE STYLES ALL THROUGH THE SEVENTIES—
HEY, MAN. THERE'S TOO MUCH CRANK IN THE COKE! HA! HA!
HEY, ELTON JOHNS IN TOWN!
TURN UP THE JACUZZI! HA! HA! HA!
SO DYLAN IS A JESUS FREAK AND INTO BIG MONEY!
IS MY OL'LADY IN THE SAUNA?

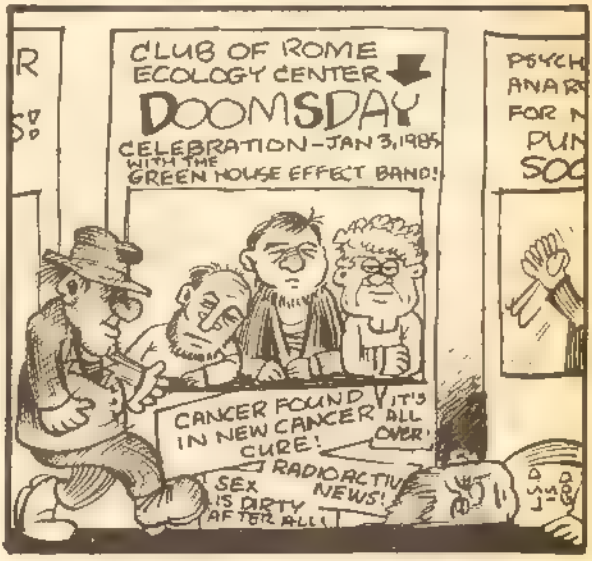

BY THE YEAR 2000?
50,000 GREY PANTHERS TURNED OUT TODAY TO PROTEST AGAINST AGE DISCRIMINATION, UNFAIR, POOR SOCIAL SECURITY BENEFITS AND TO LEGALIZE COCAINE FOR THE GROWING NUMBER OF ARTHRITIS PATIENTS
WE'RE IN POWER!
OLD IS BEAUTIFUL
RESPECT YOUR ELDERS
DON'T TRUST ANYONE UNDER 50!

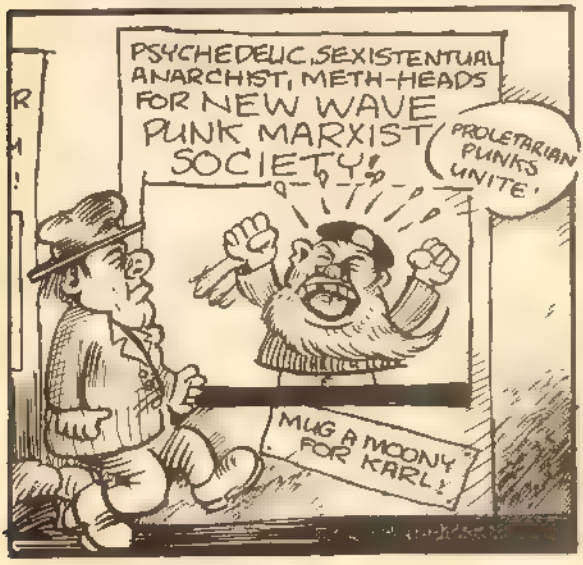

2051?
WELL, BABES, IT'S BEEN A BLAST! TAKES ME BACK TO '66 WHEN WE WERE "SHACKED UP"! WELL, GOTTAH GO! MY OL'LADY GRADUATES FROM HIGH SCHOOL TOMORROW!
AND MY OL'MAN IS TURNING 30 TOMORROW!— THAT'S A LITTLE OLD FOR ME, BUT I'VE DECIDED TO GET KINKY!
OH WOW!
SHE'S SO "H.P."
© 1979 JOEL BECK

CARTOON CAVALCADE
BY JOEL "WACKO" BECK
PRESENTS
FLAKEY DOM'S
FINEST MOMENTS!
PSYCHEDELIC GURU TIM LEARY INSINUATING CARTOONIST ROBERT CRUMB IS CRAZY IN A NOTE WRITTEN TO A VERY RESPECTABLE MAGAZINE!
THAT FLAKEY SPACE CASE BOZO!
TURN ON, TUNE OUT, TURN ON
THAT WRETCHED DERANGED SICK-O CREEP!
YES! YES!
HE! HE!


SCENE: U.C. BERKELEY CAMPUS: 1980
KU-KLUX KLAN FOR ANITA BRYANT AND WORLD WAR III!
WE'LL LICK THEM!
STAND OUT GAYS!
MAKE WAR! NOT THE SAME SEX!
KEEP AMERICA STRAIGHT!
HAPPY GAY BUTTONS NOT SOLD HERE

REV. MOON UNIFICATION CHURCH
JEWS FOR JESUS!
ASK ABOUT OUR KOSHER EASTER EGGS!
HAPPY DAY
LOVE!

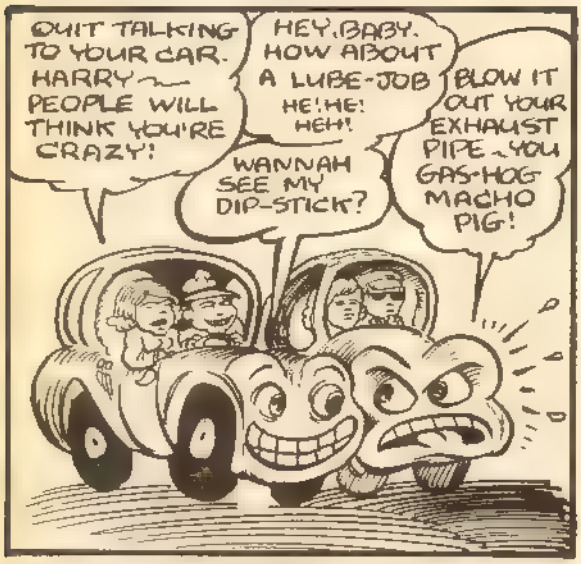

CLUB OF ROME ECOLOGY CENTER
DOOMSDAY
CELEBRATION - JAN 3, 1985
WITH THE GREEN HOUSE EFFECT BAND!
CANCER FOUND IN NEW CANCER CURE!
IT'S ALL OVER!
RADIOACTIVE NEWS!
SEX IS DIRTY AFTER ALL!

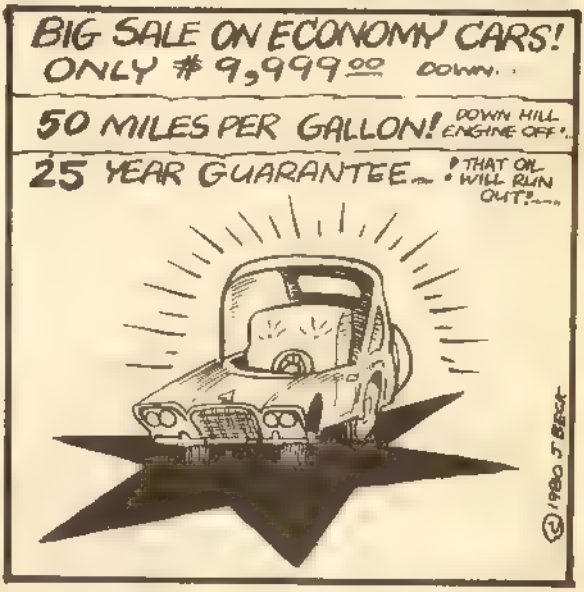

PSYCHEDELIC, SEXISTENTUAL ANARCHIST, METH-HEADS FOR NEW WAVE PUNK MARXIST SOCIETY!
PROLETARIAN PUNKS UNITE!
MUG A MOONY FOR KARL!

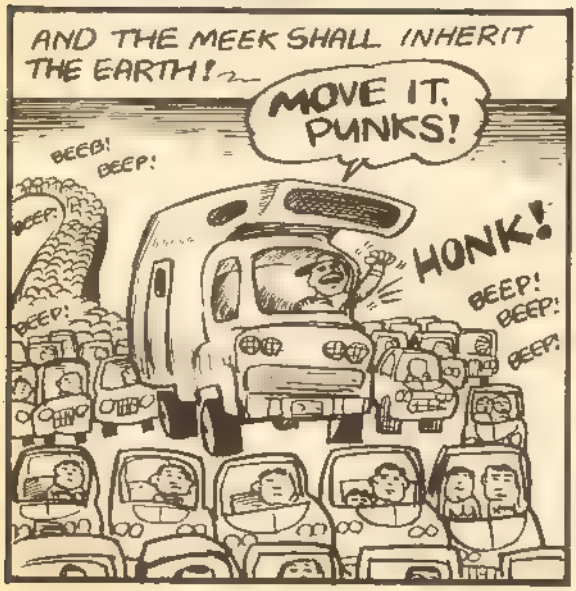
THE ALCOHOLIC ANTI-JOGGING SOCIETY FOR AN IMPERFECT WORLD
FREE WINE!
©1980 J. BECK

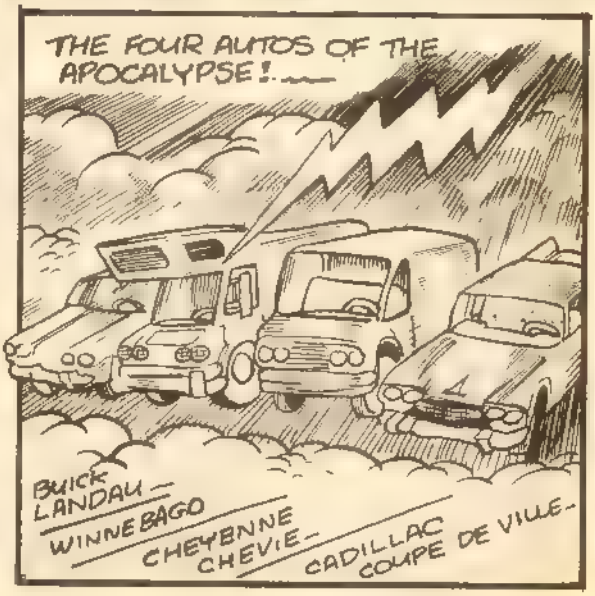
CARTOON CAVALCADE
BY JOEL BECK
FREEWAY FUNNIES
THE FREEWAY IS NOT A FREEWAY—IT IS A RIBBON OF HATE
ST. DON SHERWOOD

O.K.! YOU FOUND US!— AFTER ALL THESE YEARS— YOU'VE FINALLY FOUND US!


QUIT TALKING TO YOUR CAR. HARRY— PEOPLE WILL THINK YOU'RE CRAZY!
HEY, BABY. HOW ABOUT A LUBE-JOB HE! HE! HEH!
WANNAH SEE MY DIP-STICK?
BLOW IT OUT YOUR EXHAUST PIPE—YOU GAS-HOG MACHO PIG!


BIG SALE ON ECONOMY CARS! ONLY $9,999.00 DOWN.
50 MILES PER GALLON! DOWN HILL ENGINE OFF!
25 YEAR GUARANTEE— ! THAT OIL WILL RUN OUT!—
©1980 J BECK


AND THE MEEK SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH!—
MOVE IT, PUNKS!
BEEP!
BEEP!
BEEP!
BEEP!
HONK!
BEEP!
BEEP!
BEEP!

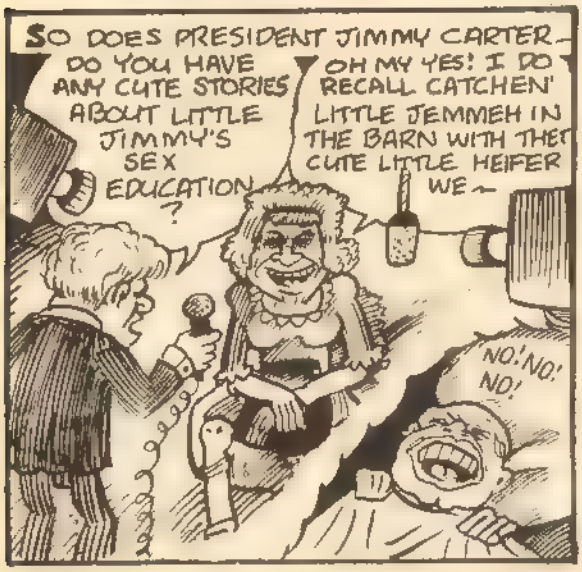

THE FOUR AUTOS OF THE APOCALYPSE!—
BUICK LANDAU—
WINNEBAGO
CHEYENNE CHEVIE—
CADILLAC COUPE DE VILLE—

CARTOON CAVALCADE
PRESENTS
NIGHTMARES of EMINENT PEOPLE!
BY JOEL BECK
AK! AK! AK!
NO! NO! NO!
NO! NO! NO!
NO. MA MA! NO! NO!
NAK! NAK!
AYATOLLAH
TED KENNEDY
WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY
JIMMY CARTER
NANOKY

1980: AYATOLLAH NIGHTMARE
HEY! WHERE ARE THE HOSTAGES?
A-A-A GROUP OF CANADIAN OFFICIALS PICKED THEM UP AND T-TOOK THEM AWAY IN A H-HELICOPTER! T-THEY SAID IT WAS URGENT— A-AND IT WAS AN ORDER F-FROM—
AK! AK! AK!

1980-TED KENNEDY—
PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATION
I DON'T WANNAH WIN!
HE HE HE!
JOHN
TED
BOB
NO! NO! NO! NO!

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY HAS A RECURRING NIGHTMARE—
I-I DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT WORD MEANS! IN FACT-I DON'T EVEN KNOW HOW TO SPELL IT—
NO! NO! NO!
© 1980 J. BECK


SO DOES PRESIDENT JIMMY CARTER—
DO YOU HAVE ANY CUTE STORIES ABOUT LITTLE JIMMY'S SEX EDUCATION?
OH MY YES! I DO RECALL CATCHEN' LITTLE JEMMEH IN THE BARN WITH THEE CUTE LITTLE HEIFER WE—
NO! NO! NO!

15,000 B.C.—NIGHTMARE OF FIRST GENIUS "NANOKY"—PHILOSOPHER-INVENTOR AND CREATOR OF EARLY CIVILIZATION—
ALL THIS IS NANOKY'S FAULT!
NAK! NAK!

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ARE YOU A *BOOZHIE?*

BOOZHIE..(PRONOUNCE THE "ZH" AS YOU WOULD IN "ZHIVAGO") **CATCHY**, ISN'T IT??. BUT **WHAT** IS IT?? WHY, IT'S SHORT FOR **BOURGEOIS**, OF COURSE!! ARE **YOU** BOURGEOIS? WILL THE **EIGHTIES** FIND YOU FEATHERING YOUR LI'L **SUBURBAN NEST?** BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE, TAKE THIS **SIMPLE TEST !!!**

HOW MANY OF THESE **ITEMS** DO YOU OWN (OR **WANT**)? ..ARE **YOU** A **CONSUMER-FETISHIST ??**

- ☐ FOOD PROCESSOR
- ☐ WINE RACK
- ☐ GARAGE DOOR OPENER
- ☐ "POLAVISION" SYSTEM
- ☐ HAIR BLOW-DRIER
- ☐ POPCORN POPPER
- ☐ DATSUN B-210
- ☐ COMPUTER PONG
- ☐ "MORK" POSTER

—EACH ITEM EQUALS **5 POINTS** ON THE **BOOZHIE BAROMETER.**

HOW MANY OF THESE **BOURGEOIS ILLUSIONS** DO YOU HOLD ?? HAVE **YOU** BEEN SOLD A "BILL OF GOODS"?

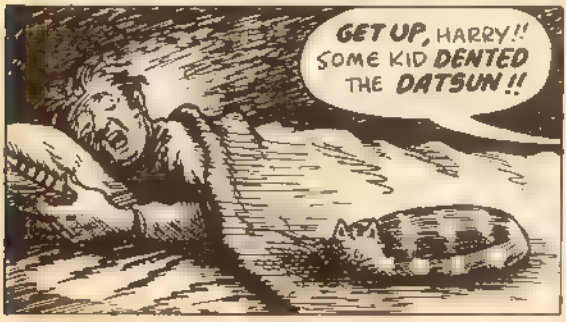
- ☐ THERE IS A FUTURE
- ☐ WORK BEFORE PLAY
- ☐ IT'S A DOG-EAT-DOG WORLD
- ☐ YOU ARE UNIQUE
- ☐ MEAT, SUGAR, CAFFEINE AND ALCOHOL ARE DIETARY NEEDS
- ☐ FATHER KNOWS BEST
- ☐ WE LIVE IN A DEMOCRACY
- ☐ THE OSMONDS ARE CUTE
- ☐ THERE'S SOMETHING BETTER ON ANOTHER CHANNEL

—EACH ILLUSION EQUALS **10 POINTS** ON THE **BOOZHIE BAROMETER.**

FEAR PLAYS A PROMINENT ROLE IN THE BOURGEOIS LIFESTYLE. HOW MANY OF THESE **BOOZHIE BOGEYS** HAUNT **YOU!**

- ☐ COMMUNIST TAKEOVER
- ☐ RING AROUND THE COLLAR
- ☐ BAD RECEPTION
- ☐ LESBIAN MAGISTRATES
- ☐ BAD BREATH
- ☐ MISMATCHED SOCKS
- ☐ END OF THE CAR CULTURE
- ☐ PUNK ROCK
- ☐ DEATH

—EACH FEAR EQUALS **7 POINTS** ON THE BOOZHIE BAROMETER



SCORES:

- **5** TO **20** — SAFE LEVEL
- **21** TO **50** — WATCH OUT
- **51** AND ABOVE — GO SHOPPING

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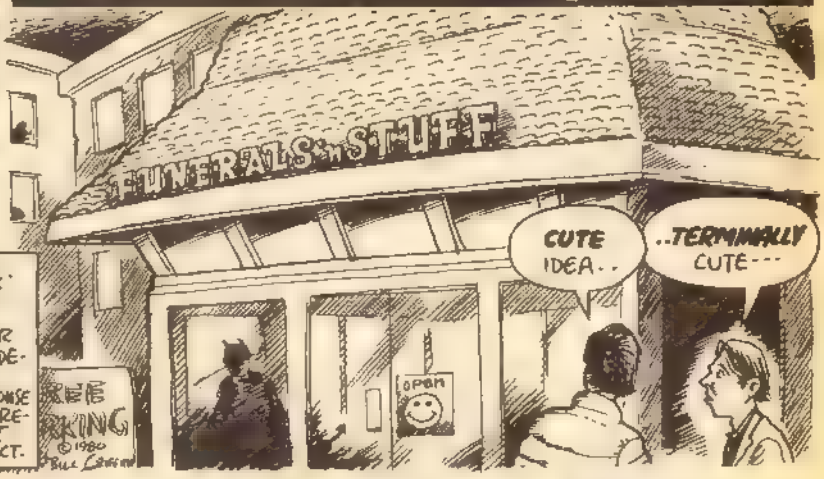
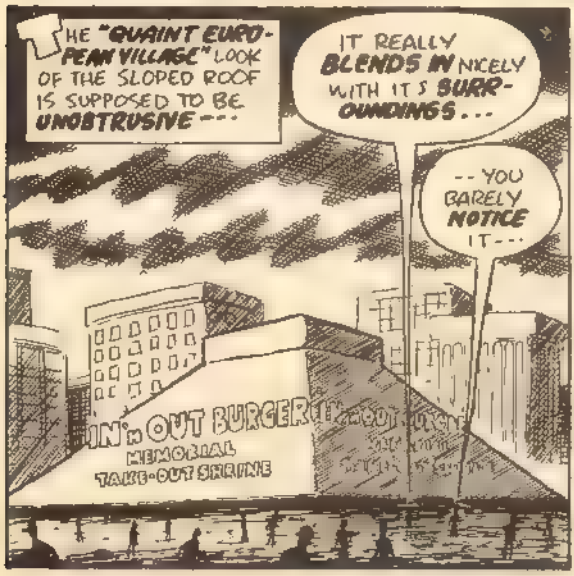
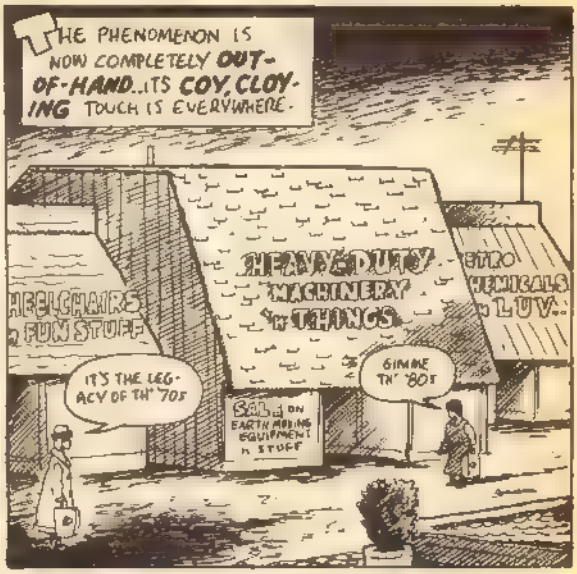
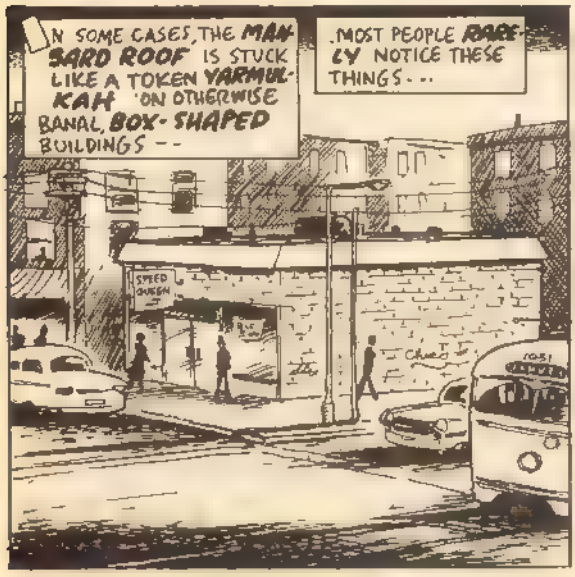
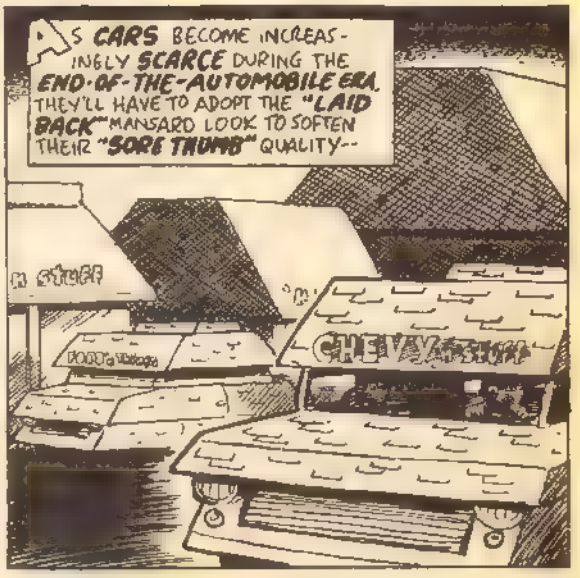
THE Mansard-roof Syndrome











WELCOME TO THE HOUSE OF SNAP JUDGEMENTS

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SHE'S OBVIOUSLY A **MANIC-DEPRESSIVE** FORMER **LUTHERAN!!**

THOSE **DARTING EYES** ARE A DEAD **GIVE-AWAY!!**

WHAT'S WITH THE **GYPSY LOOK?** DEFINITELY A **REGRESSIVE TYPE** WITH A **NON-EXISTENT SEX LIFE!!**

AND THERE'S A **MOMMA'S BOY!** LOOK AT THAT **HAIRCUT!!**

OH, **WOW!!** A **BED-WETTER!** THE **BOUNCING WALK** SAYS IT ALL!!

AH! THE SCHOLARLY TYPE **!! UNDOUBTEDLY** A CLOSET **PEDOPHILE!**

AMAZING!! **TWO** REPUBLICAN **INTERIOR DECORATORS!**

JUDGING A **BOOK** BY IT'S **COVER** IS A WAY OF LIFE FOR THIS COMPULSIVE **CATEGORIZER**..

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ONE THING ABOUT **SNAP JUDGEMENTS**.. THEY'RE ALMOST ALWAYS **WRONG**.. BUT THE PERPETRATOR IS BLISSFULLY **UNAWARE** OF THIS FACT..

SEE THAT GUY? HE HAD BAD **ACNE** IN HIGH SCHOOL SO **NO GIRLFRIENDS**.. NOW, HIS ONLY FRIEND IS HIS **HOME COMPUTER!!**

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT--

ACTUALLY, HE DATES **FOUR** WOMEN OF DIFFERENT **ETHNIC BACKGROUNDS** AND OWNS AN AUTO **RACE TRACK**.

CRANIAL **CROSS-SECTION** OF THE **JUDGEMENTAL** TYPE --

LATEST DATA ON BEHAVIORAL ANALYSIS

FILES ON HUMAN FOIBLES & WEAKNESSES

WEIRDO SENSOR DEVICE

VUE-ROOM

LITTLE MAN

ENVY, JEALOUSY, FEAR & ANGER STORAGE BIN

BEADY LITTLE EYES

ALARM

INSTANT INSULT RECALL BANKS

SENSE OF DECENCY

BOBBING ADAM'S APPLE

GALL & BILE ARE BROUGHT UP FROM THE LOWER DEPTHS AS NEEDED

SOME NOTEWORTHY **SNAP JUDGEMENTS** DOWN THRU THE AGES..

"AMERICA IS ONE LONG **EXPECTORATION**" - OSCAR WILDE

PTOO!

"TIP THE WORLD OVER ON IT'S SIDE AND EVERYTHING **LOOSE** WILL LAND IN **LOS ANGELES**" - FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT

"IF YOU'VE SEEN **ONE REDWOOD** YOU'VE SEEN THEM **ALL**" - RONALD REAGAN

"THE ONLY ANTIDOTE TO **MENTAL SUFFERING** IS **PHYSICAL PAIN**" - KARL MARX

Thanks for the above quotes to *WHOLE GRAINS* by Spiegelman & Schneider

"**BODY LANGUAGE**" IS THE PSEUDO-SCIENCE OF THE SNAP-JUDGER-

HMMM.. **LEGS** ON THE DESK SUGGESTS **ANAL AGGRESSIVENESS**.. HAND TO HAIR DENOTES **FEAR** OF **CASTRATION**, HAND ON LAP IS SAYING "**LOVE ME, HELP ME, I'M A BABY**"

HMM. **CROUCH** POSTURE INDICATES REPRESSED **HOSTILITY** TO AUTHORITY BENT HEAD SAYS "I SUBMIT, BEAT ME" TURNED UP **TOES** SAY "LOVE ME, HELP ME, I'M A **BABY**.."

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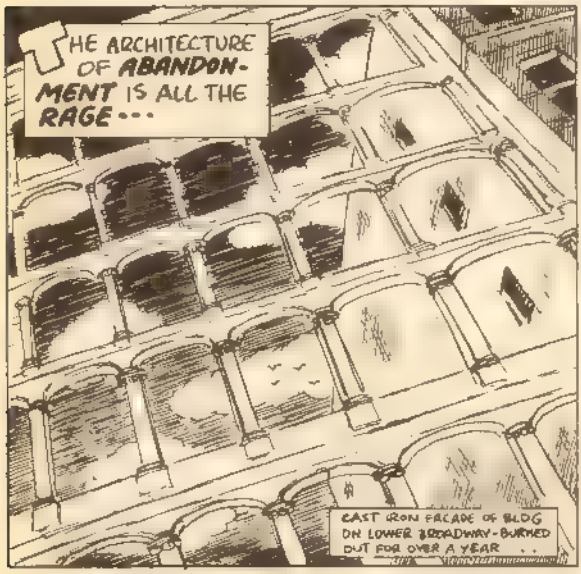
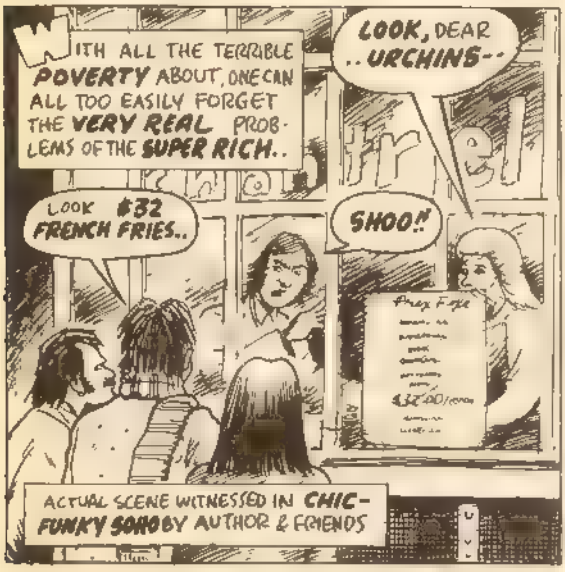
NEW YORK AGAIN
PARK FAST
IN NEW YORK CITY, EYE CONTACT BETWEEN THE INHABITANTS IS STRICTLY FORBIDDEN....
I ♥ NY
©1980 BILL GRIFFITH


THE ARCHITECTURE OF ABANDONMENT IS ALL THE RAGE...
CAST IRON FACADE OF BLDG ON LOWER BROADWAY-BURNED OUT FOR OVER A YEAR

AND THE NEW YORK POST PROVIDES A SUBTLE COUNTERPOINT TO THE DAILY HUSTLE & BUSTLE..
SEVERED HAND FALLS 7 STORIES
Khomeini could be ASSASSINATED
SEX DENTIST'S MANGLED BODY


WITH ALL THE TERRIBLE POVERTY ABOUT, ONE CAN ALL TOO EASILY FORGET THE VERY REAL PROBLEMS OF THE SUPER RICH..
LOOK, DEAR ..URCHINS--
LOOK $32 FRENCH FRIES..
SHOO!!
ACTUAL SCENE WITNESSED IN CHIC-FUNKY SOHO BY AUTHOR & FRIENDS

BUT, STILL, WHERE ELSE ON EARTH CAN YOU BE SO CULTURALLY STIMULATED THAN IN GOOD, OLD FUN CITY!
TEENS SLAIN IN SEWER
TEENS SLAIN IN SEWER
TEENS SLAIN IN SEWER

Griffith Observatory

USELESS OBJECTS

SNURF.

SOME ENTIRE SHOPPING STREETS CATER MORE & MORE TO THE "USELESS" CROWD (LIKE 24TH ST. IN S.F.)

DISCOUNT CAT POSTERS 3.00 & UP

INNER LIGHT Doo-dads

The FROG store

FROGS etc

Custom YO-YOs

YO YOs

Left-Handed SHOPPE

Cute Quilts AND INCENSE UP STAIRS

TAROT 'n things OPEN

HEAD SHOP

BODY SHOP

HMM- THERE WAS A SHOE REPAIR SHOP HERE LAST WEEK--

COFFEE GEAR

NOT ALL OBJECTS NEED BE "USEFUL", GRANTED BUT OBJECTS WHOSE FORCED WHIMSICALITY (OR DOWNRIGHT FRAUDULENCE...) OVERWHELMS THEIR AESTHETIC OR PRACTICAL PURPOSE ARE BECOMING A GLUT ON THE MARKET --- BETTER TO SPEND YOUR "EXTRA INCOME" STOCKPILING TOILET PAPER ---

A MERE SAMPLING OF THE MILLIONS OF "MUST-HAVE ITEMS" NO HOME SHOULD BE WITHOUT:—

* ALL ITEMS ARE REAL

The TEA BAG SQUEEZER

..WHERE HAS IT BEEN ALL THIS TIME ??

The PEANUT PITCHER

-- ELEGANT -- PRACTICAL -- CLEVER !!

I'M SINGLE

The "I'M SINGLE" FROG -- ADORABLE

The WHACK JACK

- TENSE ?
- UPSET ?
..JUST GIVE JACK A WHACK!

ANTI-FROWN WINGS

- SIMPLY GLUE 'EM ON AND-
.. POOF!!

letter licker

The LETTER-LICKER

..MORE FUN THAN THE REAL THING!!

DAISY SHAPED EGGS

-- THEY EVEN TASTE CUTER !!

BENT PENCILS

- USE THEM FOR WRITING ZANY SUICIDE NOTES !!

The WALLET HOLSTER

... FOR THE ANAL RETENTIVE WHO HAS EVERYTHING ~~

AR

The DISCO-SIZER

-- SHED UNWANTED I.Q. LEVELS WITH THIS SHORT-CUT TO THE PRIVACY OF YOUR OWN HOME !! DOCTORS KNOW ABOUT IT !!

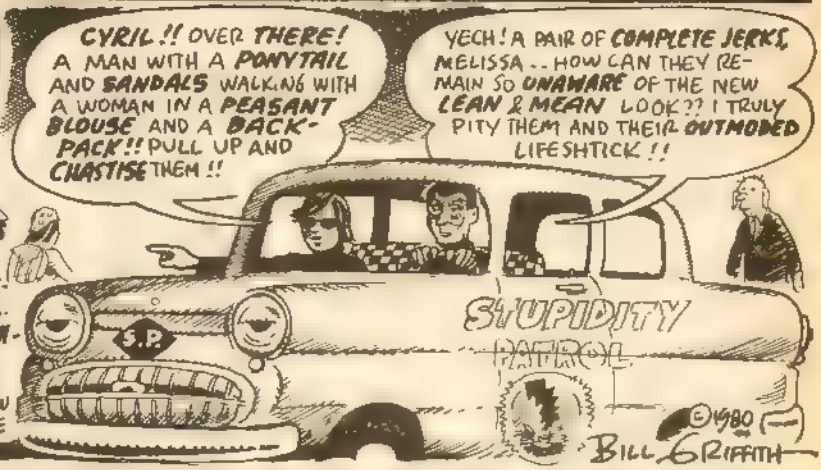
The INSTANT ART MACHINE

MAKES PEOPLE LOOK REALISTIC!

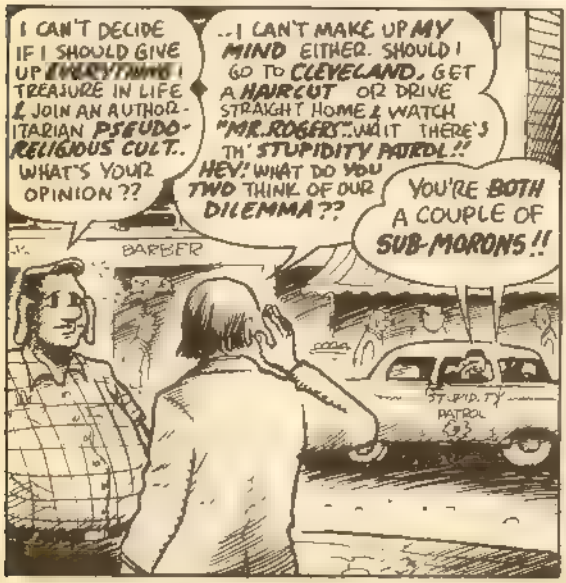
The INVISIBLE KNIFE

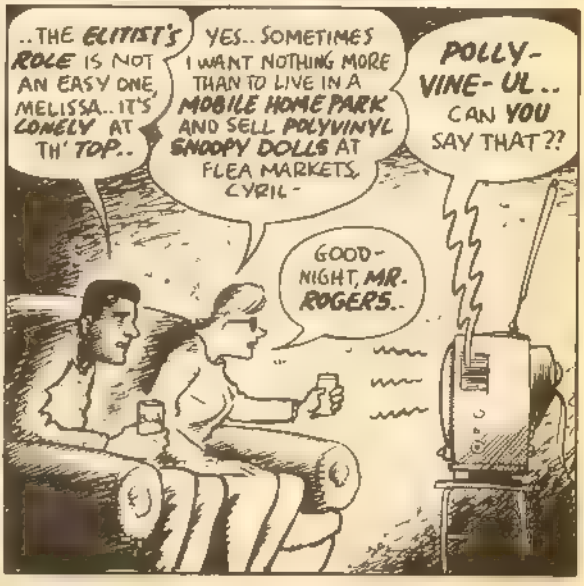
-- PERFECT FOR TODAY'S "EMPTY CALORIE" FOODS !!

STUPIDITY PATROL



MEET THE STUPIDITY PATROL.. A COUPLE OF COLLEGE-EDUCATED, INTELLECTUAL TYPES.. ...HIGHLY OPINIONATED & SOPHISTICATED, THEY TAKE TIME OUT OF THEIR BUSY SCHEDULES TO POINT OUT TO OTHER PEOPLE HOW EXTREMELY STUPID THEY ARE





TIME-WARPED

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SOME FOLKS DO MORE THAN LONG FOR THE "GOOD OLD DAYS"..THEY SIMPLY NEVER LEAVE THEM!!.."FREEZING" YOUR WARDROBE AT A CERTAIN TIME IN YOUR LIFE (PRESUMABLY WHEN YOU WERE HAPPIEST) ALLOWS YOU TO "REMAIN" IN THAT PERIOD.

TSK..THAT ROOSEVELT.. HOW LONG WILL THE COUNTRY TOLERATE A BOLSHEVIK IN THE WHITE HOUSE?!

Great Value

SALE

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FASHION TRENDS DON'T REALLY DIE EACH FALL. HERE & THERE, POCKETS OF RETROGRADES TRY TO KEEP THEM ALIVE --

I'M SORRY, MRS. STRAZZULO, BUT YOUR GO-GO BOOTS JUST CAN'T BE FIXED AGAIN!!

WELL, I NEVER--

HEELS IN 5 MIN.

EXPERT SHOE REP

RE-SOLE Today!!

..ACTUALLY, SHE'S BACK IN FASHION BUT DOESN'T KNOW IT YET!!

ON HALLOWED HAIGHT STREET IN WACKY SAN FRANCISCO, YOU CAN STILL FIND TEEN-AGE HIPPIES, THE GENUINE ARTICLE NO DOUBT JUST FLOWN IN FROM SYDNEY..(OR SAN JOSE--)

HEY, MAN..LIKE ARE WE TOO LATE FOR TH' BE-IN?!

LIDS?

YEH- A LITTLE..

ROLLER SKATES..

CLOTHING IS MUCH MORE THAN A SUPERFACIAL INDICATOR OF THE MOOD OF A CULTURE..COMPARE THE FLAMBOYANCE OF SEVENTIES GARB WITH THE "NEW WAVE" IN FASHION FOR THE '80s--

70s

MODELS ARE UNISEX ROBOTS

80s

MUCH HAIR

"LOOK AT ME" PATTERNS

BIG COLLARS

WIDE BELTS

FRINGE

FLARED PANTS

PLATFORM SHOES

NOT MUCH HAIR

BLACK IS IN

TINY COLLARS

SKINNY BELTS

"KEEP A LOW PROFILE" LOOK

TIGHT SHOES

BASE-BALL BAT

SOME TIME AROUND 2010 —

HEY, SCAN THAT BAG LADY FROM THE '80s HA-HA!!

SHE IS VERY FUNNY!!

Griffith Observatory
5 GREAT MOMENTS IN THE LIFE of JIMMY DURANTE
I WEEL KEEL YOU!! YOU BEEG-NOSED PRACTICAL JOKER!!
Y!!!!!!! A REGULAR FEMALE PAGLIACCI!! LEGGO MY SCHNOZZ!! LEGGO MY SCHNOZZ!!
1. (1933) .. JIMMY WRESTLES LUPÉ VELEZ INTO THE ORCHESTRA PIT DURING A REHEARSAL OF "STRIKE ME PINK". (JIMMY HAD PUT A WRENCH IN HIS POCKET PRIOR TO A HIP-BUMPING DANCE ROUTINE WITH THE FIERY LUPE--)
©1980 BILL GRIFFITH
2. (c. 1940) THE SCHNOZZOLA IS SUED FOR COPYRIGHT INFRINGEMENT BY POET ALFRED KREYMBORG WHO ACCUSES HIM OF PLAGARIZING HIS 1916 POEM, "OTHERS".
WALT WHITMAN? WASN'T HE DISTRIK ATTOINEY IN TH' PETE TH' GOAT CASE?!
..AND FURTHERMORE, YOUR HONOR, IF WALT WHITMAN WERE ALIVE TODAY, HE, TOO, WOULD UNDOUBTEDLY BE EXPOSED TO MR. DURANTE'S RUINOUS WHIMS!!
3. (1932) DURING A PALM SPRINGS VACATION, JIMMY WAS ASKED TO PLAY A DUET WITH ALBERT EINSTEIN---
GEE, PROFESSOR- I JUST CAN'T FOLLOW YOU WIT' THEM HIGHER MATHEMATICS!!
NO!! NO!! THE KEY IS E MINOR TO THE 6TH!! YOU HAVE BEEN PLAYING IN A MAJOR!!
4. (1930) WORKING FOR LOUIS B. MAYER (M-GM), JIMMY WAS CONTINUALLY GIVEN MINOR ROLES IN LOW COMEDIES. IN PROTEST, THE SCHNOZZLE REFUSED TO EVER SAY "HOTCHA" AGAIN--
IT'S DEGRADIN'!!
PAT!
MAYER WOULD ALSO ENTER DURANTE'S DRESSING ROOM PERIODICALLY TO RUB HIS NOSE FOR LUCK--
5. (1926) "MAD DOG COLL" TAILS JIMMY IN HIS CAR. HE INTENDS TO SNATCH THE SCHNOZZ FOR A BIG RANSOM. JIMMY PLAYS IT COOL--
GOOD-NIGHT, MRS. CALABASH, WHEREVER YOU ARE---
AND GOODNIGHT, AUDIENCE, WHEREVER YOU ARE. LAST OBSERVATORY FOR A WHILE ~~ -GRIFFY

WHERE'S THE PARTY?

THE CATERED PARTY.. OVER ON THE RICH SIDE OF TOWN. YOU KNOW SOMEBODY WHO KNOWS SOMEBODY.. IT SOUNDS GREAT- BUT WHEN YOU GET THERE THE UPPER CLASSES JUST LET YOU DOWN AGAIN—

JEEZ!! WHATTA BUNCH OF SNOBS!! I DON'T BELIEVE IT!!. THERE'S SOME SIGNS OF LIFE OVER THERE, THOUGH. BY THE THROBBING STEREO.

YOU MEAN THOSE DISCOID TYPES?? THEY WERE HIRED BY THE HOSTESS TO LOOK LIKE THEY WERE HAVING "FUN"!!

THANKS TO BOB ARMSTRONG!

©1980 BILL GRIFFITH

FAMILY REUNIONS AREN'T WHAT THEY USED TO BE. THE SEVENTIES "LET IT ALL HANG OUT" ATTITUDE HAS PERMEATED THE "REC" ROOM

ER--

UM--

HURRY UP, COUSIN CLEO!! GRAB YOUR PROPS—YOU'RE JUST IN TIME FOR THE PORNOGRAPHIC BLACK-OUT SKITS!!

THEN THERE'S THE GUY WHO BRINGS HIS GUITAR AND INTONES LOUDLY NEXT TO THE SALTED NUTS.. HE'S USUALLY A FOLKSINGER--

I WON'T CHANGE YOU. I WON'T RE-ARRANGE YOU- I'M WALKIN DOWN TH' ROAD WITH A HEAVY LOAD--

THIS, TOO, SHALL PASS.

OR HOW ABOUT THE TIME WHEN YOU WERE 13 AND YOU WERE CAUGHT KISSING THE BACK OF YOUR HAND DURING A GAME OF 'FLASHLIGHT' (c.1957)

HEY!! LOOK AT BILLY!! WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR DATE, BILLY?! IS SHE INVISIBLE OR SOMETHING?

PWISSS... SMACK! HUH?

BASICALLY, OF COURSE WHAT PARTIES ARE ALL ABOUT IS INSTANT OBLITERATION OF NORMAL CONSCIOUS AWARENESS--

OH MAN!! LOOK AT THIS NANCY & SLUGGO! IT'S SO UNREAL!!

I GOTTA GO HOME & WASH TH' DOG..

NANCY

FFFFT!

LIFE IS A TRAILWAYS BUS.

OH YES -- THE FINGERS..

HA HA

the adventures of FAT FREDDY'S

CAT

The Sacred Sands of IN: POOTWEET

... or, The Mayor's Meower

SOME YEARS AGO, A CLEVER YOUNG LAD, **DICK WHITTINGTON**, WAS OFFERED THE CHANCE OF INCLUDING ARTICLES OF HIS OWN ON ONE OF HIS EMPLOYER'S SHIPS GOING ON AN ASIAN VOYAGE. THIS WAS A SPECIAL PRIVILEGE, A RARE OPPORTUNITY FOR A COMMON SERVANT TO EARN MONEY IN THE EXOTIC OVERSEAS TRADE. DICK WHITTINGTON'S ONLY TRADEABLE POSSESSION, THO', WAS HIS **CAT**.

... AFTER A LONG SEA VOYAGE, **DICK WHITTINGTON'S CAT** ARRIVED IN A COUNTRY WHICH WAS BEING TORMENTED BY A PLAGUE OF **MICE**...

© 1980 Gilbert Shelton

IT ALL STARTED ONE DAY WHEN THE FAT FOOL WAS STONED, READING THE FINANCE NEWS...

"PETROLEUM PRICES UPPED AGAIN!"

"AMERICA EATS HUMBLE PIE AS DOLLAR DROPS TO ALL-TIME LOW!"

THERE MUST BE SOME WAY WE CAN EVEN OUT THAT MASSIVE IMBALANCE OF PAYMENTS WITH THE OIL NATIONS!

SURELY WE HAVE SOMETHING THAT WE COULD SELL THEM!

HMMMMMMMMMM...

IF I REMEMBER CORRECTLY, DICK WHITTINGTON MADE HIS FORTUNE BY SELLING HIS CAT TO THE KING OF SOME PLACE THAT WAS OVERRUN BY MICE! MAYBE I COULD ACTUALLY PULL THE SAME SCAM!

FIRST I'LL NEED SOME MICE!

I'D LIKE A NICE PAIR OF BREEDERS!

MISTER, THEY'RE ALL BREEDERS!

MICE

A FEW WEEKS LATER:

MOUSE FEED IS COSTING ME FIFTY DOLLARS A DAY NOW! IT'S TIME TO MAKE MY MOVE!

SHORTLY THEREAFTER, FAT FREDDY IS BOUND FOR THE TINY BUT OIL-RICH NATION OF POOTWEET.

A ROUND-TRIP TICKET TO POOTWEET CITY, PLEASE! I'LL CARRY THESE WITH ME, AND THAT GOES IN THE BAGGAGE!

AIR POOTWEE

THIS MUST BE THE PLACE!

ALMOST FROM THE MOMENT OF OUR TOUCHDOWN, HOWEVER, THINGS COMMENCED TO GO AWRY.

WILL PASSENGER NUMBER SIXTY-THREE PLEASE REPORT TO CUSTOMS DESK NUMBER ONE!

UH-OH! THAT'S ME!

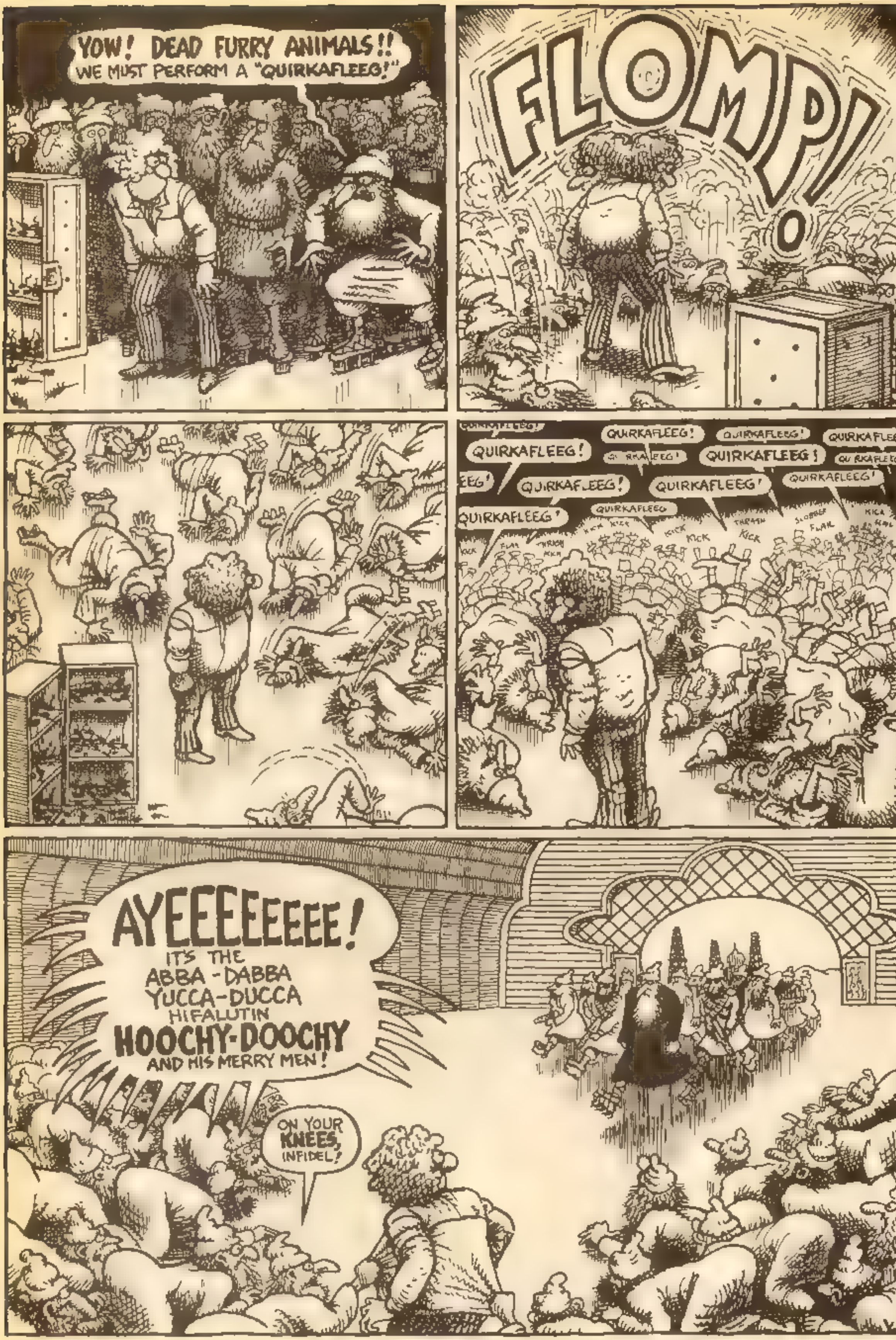
YOU APPEAR TO BE CARRYING AN ANIMAL! I GATHER YOU ARE UNAWARE OF THE STRICT STATUTES CONCERNING THE IMPORTATION OF ANIMALS INTO THE NATION OF POOTWEET!

I'M AFRAID WE MUST PLACE YOUR BEAST IN QUARANTINE FOR EIGHTEEN MONTHS!

I THINK YOU'RE GONNA WANT HIM BACK OUT ON THE STREET WHEN YOU SEE WHAT'S IN THIS SUITCASE, SARGE!

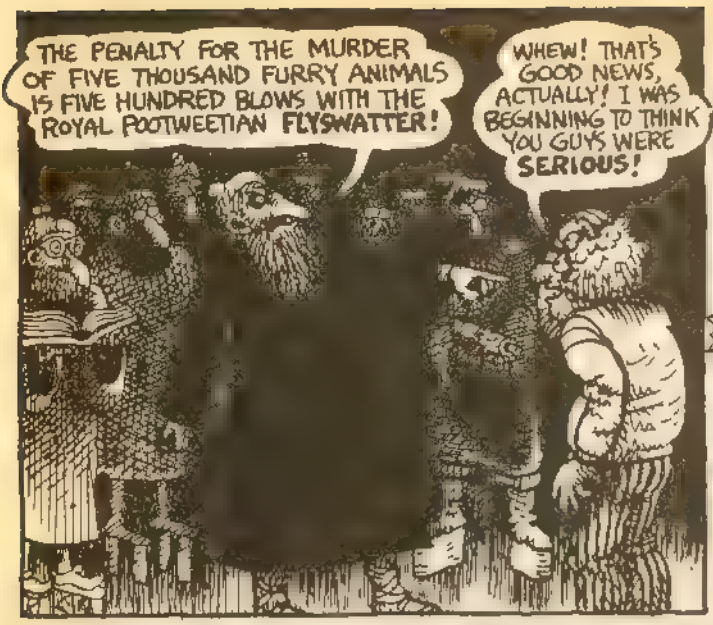
THESE FIVE THOUSAND LIVE MICE ARE DEFINITELY GOING TO NEED SOMEONE TO TAKE CARE OF THEM!

OH, MY GOSH! THEY'RE ALL DEAD AS DOORKNOBS! THEY MUST HAVE FROZEN IN THE BAGGAGE COMPARTMENT!



YOW! DEAD FURRY ANIMALS!! WE MUST PERFORM A "QUIRKAFLEEG!"
FLOMP!
QUIRKAFLEEG!
QUIRKAFLEEG!
QUIRKAFLEEG!
QUIRKAFLEEG!
QUIRKAFLEEG!
QUIRKAFLEEG!
QUIRKAFLEEG!
QUIRKAFLEEG!
QUIRKAFLEEG
KICK KICK
KICK
KICK
THRASH
KICK
SLOBBER
FLAIL
KICK
FLAIL
KICK
AYEEEEEEEE! IT'S THE ABBA-DABBA YUCCA-DUCCA HIFALUTIN HOOCHY-DOOCHY AND HIS MERRY MEN!
ON YOUR KNEES, INFIDEL!

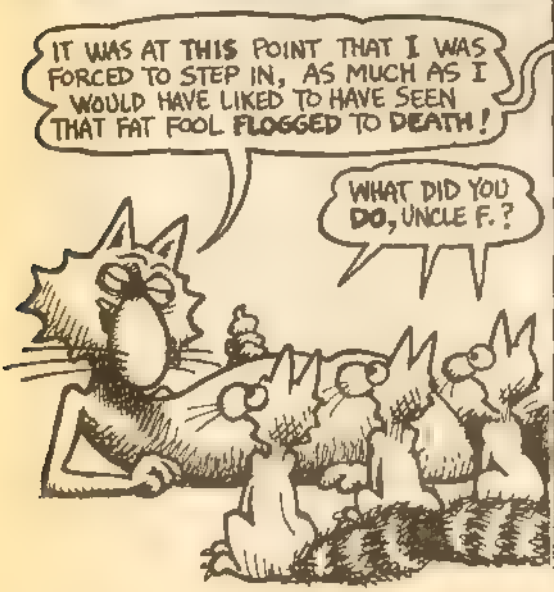
THE SUPREME
HOOCHY-DOOCHY,
SPIRITUAL AND TEMPORAL MASTER OF EVERY SOUL IN POOTWEET!
IT IS FORBIDDEN TO KILL ANIMALS IN THIS WORLD, UNFORTUNATE ONE!


THE PENALTY FOR THE MURDER OF FIVE THOUSAND FURRY ANIMALS IS FIVE HUNDRED BLOWS WITH THE ROYAL POOTWEETIAN FLYSWATTER!
WHEW! THAT'S GOOD NEWS, ACTUALLY! I WAS BEGINNING TO THINK YOU GUYS WERE SERIOUS!

MORE SERIOUS THAN YOU REALIZE, TRANSGRESSOR! THE ROYAL SWATTER IS MADE OUT OF IRON AND WEIGHS FORTY-FIVE POUNDS!

DRESS THE KILLER IN THE CEREMONIAL TUTU!

NOW, HOIST HIM UP BY HIS TOES!

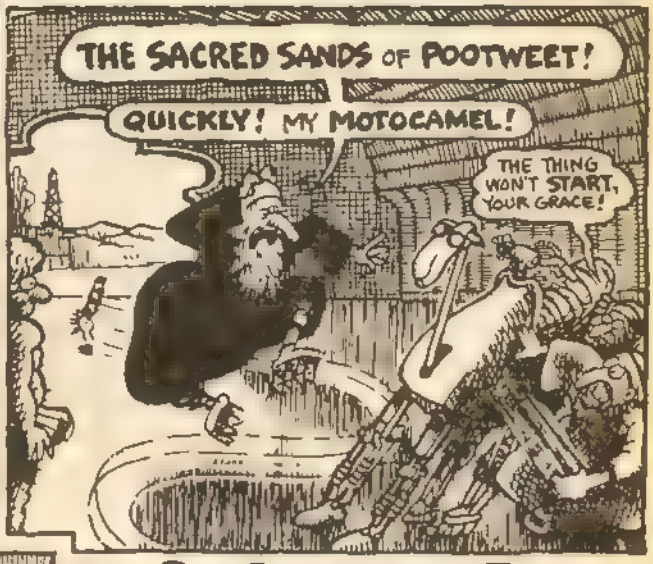

IT WAS AT THIS POINT THAT I WAS FORCED TO STEP IN, AS MUCH AS I WOULD HAVE LIKED TO HAVE SEEN THAT FAT FOOL FLOGGED TO DEATH!
WHAT DID YOU DO, UNCLE F.?

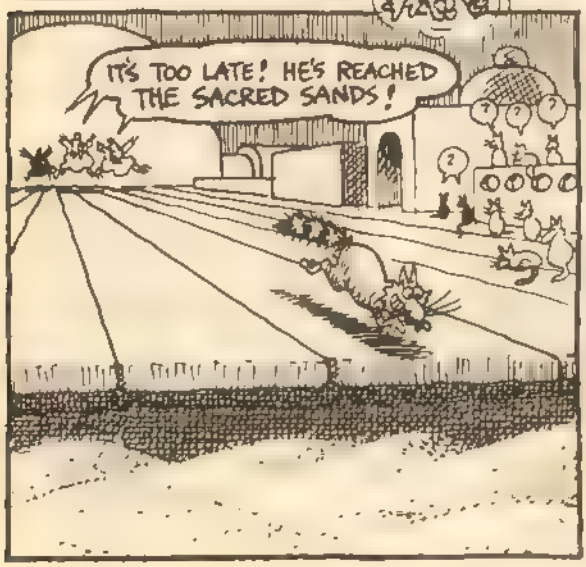
IN ALL THE EXCITEMENT, I HAD BEEN COMPLETELY FORGOTTEN! AND HAVING BEEN LOCKED IN MY BOX FOR A NIGHT AND A DAY, I HAD BECOME RATHER DESIROUS OF GOING TO THE BATHROOM! I SET UP A DREADFUL CRY!
BY THE 375,416 MARTYRED SAINTS!
WAIL!
WHAT'S THAT NOISE?!
1

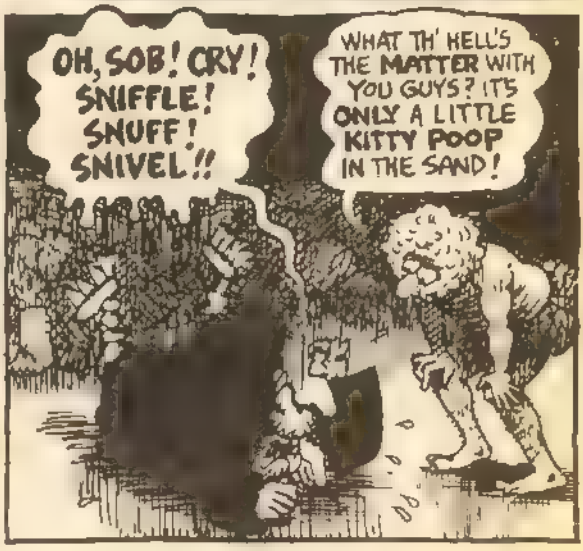
IT'S A CAT! I THOUGHT YOU PEOPLE MIGHT NEED ONE FOR YOUR, ER... RODENT PROBLEM!

THERE HAVENT BEEN ANY RODENTS IN POTWEET EVER SINCE MY GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHER, THE GRAND YUHU, BOUGHT A CAT FROM SOME ENGLISHMAN NAMED DICK WHITTINGTON!
WE HAVE PLENTY OF CATS NOW, AS YOU SEE!

HELP! STOP HIM! HE'S ESCAPING!
AW, DON'T WORRY! HE DOESN'T HAVE RABIES OR ANYTHING! HE'LL COME BACK AFTER HE GOES TO THE TOILET IN THAT BIG PILE OF SAND OUT THERE, I BET!


THE SACRED SANDS OF POOTWEET!
QUICKLY! MY MOTOCAMEL!
THE THING WON'T START, YOUR GRACE!


IT'S TOO LATE! HE'S REACHED THE SACRED SANDS!


OH, SOB! CRY! SNIFFLE! SNUFF! SNIVEL!!
WHAT TH' HELL'S THE MATTER WITH YOU GUYS? IT'S ONLY A LITTLE KITTY POOP IN THE SAND!

IT MAY BE "ONLY KITTY POOP" TO **YOU**, ATHEIST SWINE, BUT TO US **POOTWEETIANS** IT SIGNALS THE BEGINNING OF THE DREADED **PLAGUE** OF **CAT FECES** AS PREDICTED HERE IN THE **EPISTLE** OF THE APOSTLE **PODDY**!

THAT'S ONE OF THE CHAPTERS OF OUR **HOLY GOBBLDYBOOK!**

IT IS **WRITTEN:**

...and it shall come to pass that the sacred sands shall be defiled by the malodorous offal of the common felines, and this shall be a signal to the omnipotent Yawahootie to send a mighty rain of heavenly cat-caca down upon the miserable nation of Pootweet, and this rain shall last thirty-three fortnights, and shall not cease until the inhabitants have all perished, and the very name of Pootweet will cause disgust and a stinging of the nostrils of whomever shall hear it pronounced, forever forth.

THE ENTIRE HISTORY OF THE POOTWEETIAN PEOPLE HAS BEEN THE STRUGGLE TO KEEP ALL THE **CATS** OUT OF THE SACRED SANDS!

FORMERLY, HUGE ARMIES OF PEOPLE STOOD GUARD!

ONLY **RECENTLY**, WITH THE HELP OF **MODERN SCIENCE** AND **PETRODOLLARS**, HAVE WE BEEN ABLE DEVELOP OUR TECHNOLOGY OF **CAT COMMODES**! OUR ENTIRE GROSS NATIONAL EFFORT HAS BEEN DEVOTED TO TRAINING THE CREATURES TO USE THE LITTLE TOILETS!

...AND NOW, **ALL IS LOST!** WHEN THEY SEE **YOUR** CAT USING THE SAND, THEY'LL **ALL** WANT TO USE IT!!

JUST A MINUTE! IT'S NOT TOO LATE YET! GIVE ME YOUR **HAT!**

BUT, BUT WE ARE NOT **ALLOWED** TO **REMOVE** OUR HATS!

THE **CAT** IS **RUNNING BACK!** WHAT **IS** THIS WONDROUS SUBSTANCE?

JUST ASK FOR **POOTER POWDER**, THE CATBOX FILLER OF THE DISCRIMINATING CONSUMER!

SEE? THEY ACTUALLY **PREFER** IT TO **SAND!**

IT IS A **MIRACLE! YAWAHOOTIE BE PRAISED!**

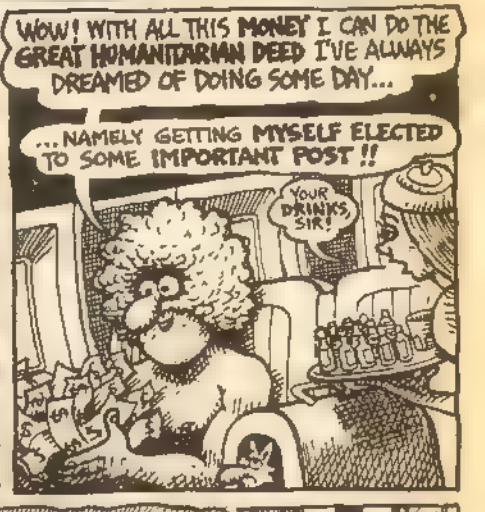
DO YOU HAVE ANY OF IT FOR **SALE**? I'D LIKE TO **BUY** SEVERAL HUNDRED BAGS!

(SIGH!)

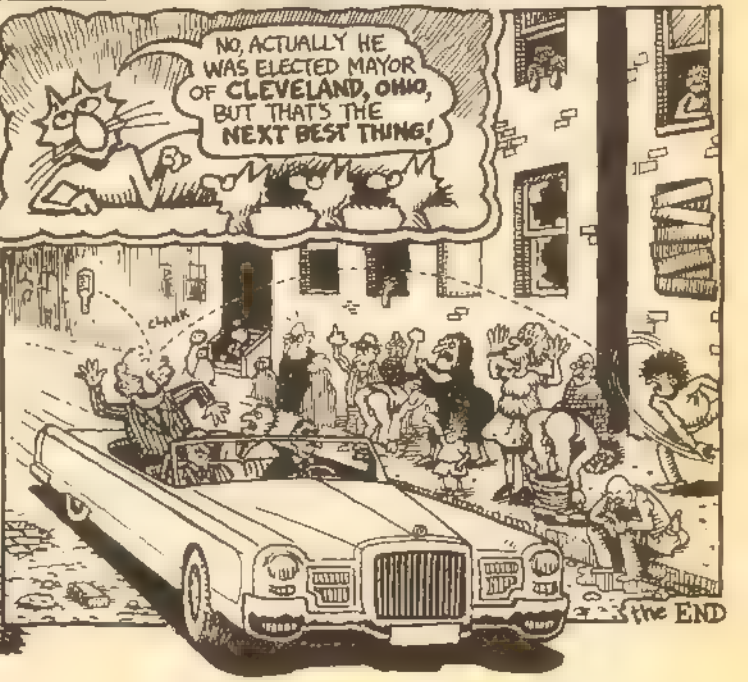
I'LL TAKE TEN THOUSAND BAGS!
WILL YOU ACCEPT HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS?
IS THERE ENOUGH TO MEET OUR NEEDS?
EASY, GENTLEMEN! EASY! THERE'S QUITE ENOUGH POOTER POWDER FOR ALL! IT'S ONE OF THE LARGEST COMPANIES IN THE U.S.A.!

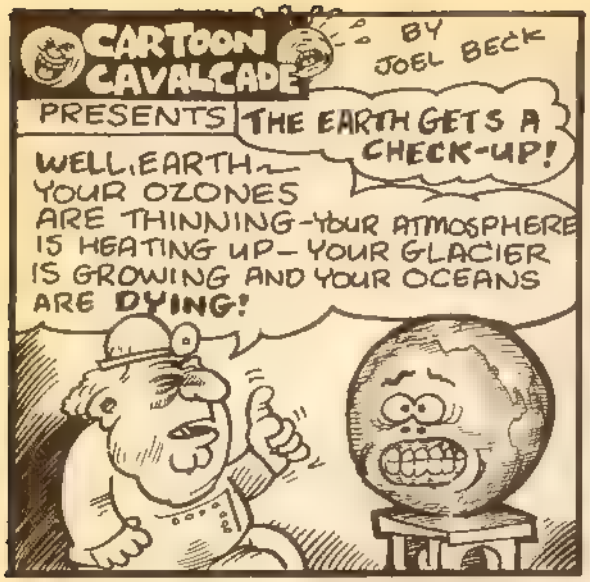
...THAT OBESE TURKEY HAD LUCKED OUT AGAIN! HE SOLD A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS WORTH OF ARTIFICIAL SAND TO THAT BUNCH OF POOR RICH DESERT DEVILS AND GOT AWAY CLEAN!
CAN YOU NOT STAY A FEW HOURS LONGER, HONORED GUEST, AND GET STONED WITH US?
ER, UH... NO THANKS! I'D BETTER BE TOODLING OFF!

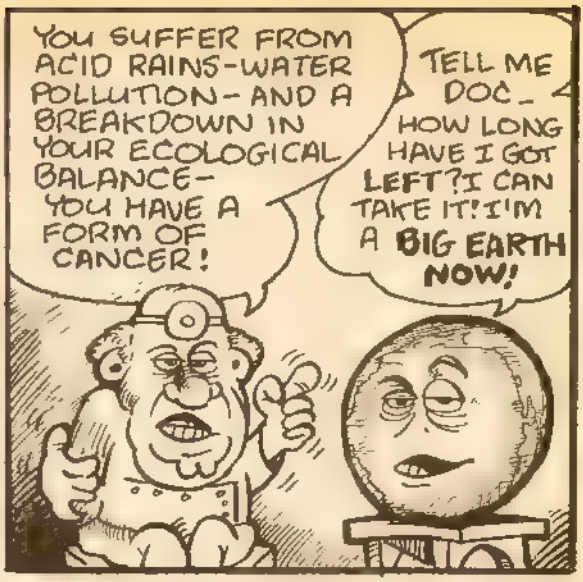
THAT'S THE FIRST HIPPIE I'VE MET THAT DIDN'T WANT TO STAY AND GET STONED!
HAVE A NICE TRIP! AND DO COME BACK TO SEE US!
I GUESS YOU GUYS CAN PUT AWAY THE STONES!..
AWWW.

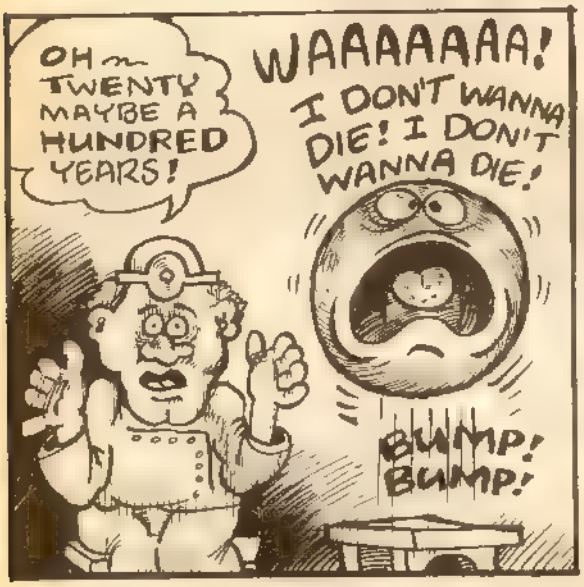

WOW! WITH ALL THIS MONEY I CAN DO THE GREAT HUMANITARIAN DEED I'VE ALWAYS DREAMED OF DOING SOME DAY...
...NAMELY GETTING MYSELF ELECTED TO SOME IMPORTANT POST!!
YOUR DRINKS, SIR!

...SO THAT'S HOW FAT FREDDY CAME TO BE MAYOR, WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF "YOURS TRULY!"
YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT FAT FREDDY ACTUALLY BECAME LORD MAYOR OF LONDON?

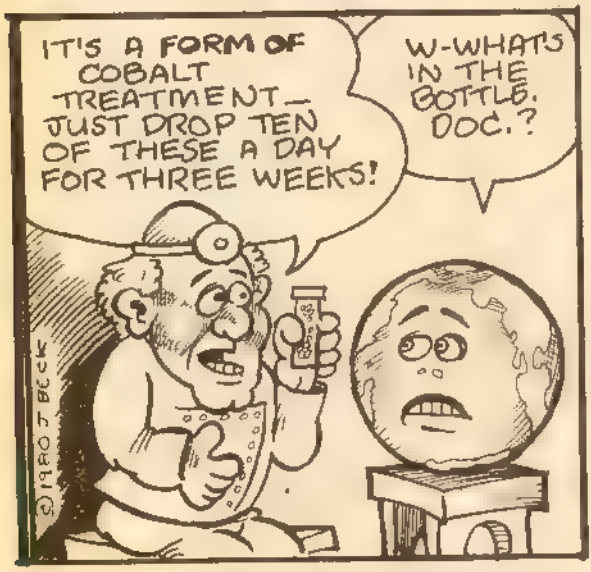

NO, ACTUALLY HE WAS ELECTED MAYOR OF CLEVELAND, OHIO, BUT THAT'S THE NEXT BEST THING!
CHAK
the END

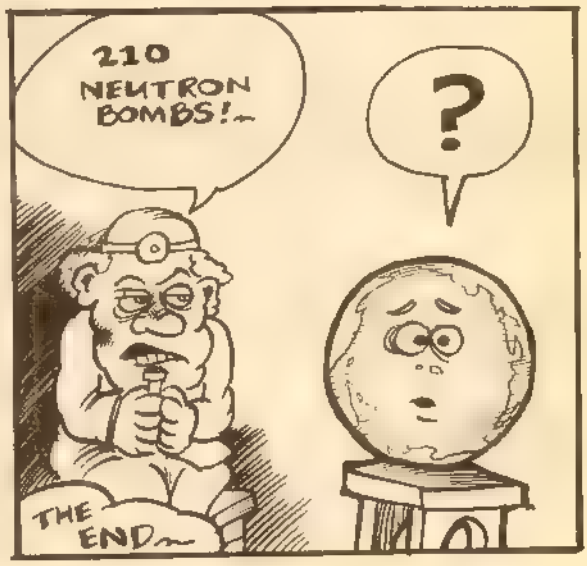

CARTOON CAVALCADE
BY JOEL BECK
PRESENTS
THE EARTH GETS A CHECK-UP!
WELL, EARTH— YOUR OZONES ARE THINNING—YOUR ATMOSPHERE IS HEATING UP— YOUR GLACIER IS GROWING AND YOUR OCEANS ARE DYING!


YOU SUFFER FROM ACID RAINS—WATER POLLUTION—AND A BREAKDOWN IN YOUR ECOLOGICAL BALANCE— YOU HAVE A FORM OF CANCER!
TELL ME DOC— HOW LONG HAVE I GOT LEFT? I CAN TAKE IT! I'M A BIG EARTH NOW!


OH— TWENTY MAYBE A HUNDRED YEARS!
WAAAAAAA! I DON'T WANNA DIE! I DON'T WANNA DIE!
BUMP! BUMP!

TAKE IT EASY! IT'S NOT THE END OF THE WORLD! WE HAVE A MIRACLE CURE!
DO IT, DOC! —I'LL DO ANYTHING!
BUMBITTY! BUMBITTY!


IT'S A FORM OF COBALT TREATMENT— JUST DROP TEN OF THESE A DAY FOR THREE WEEKS!
W-WHAT'S IN THE BOTTLE, DOC.?
©1980 J BECK


210 NEUTRON BOMBS!—
?
THE END—

LOOKING FOR DR. FEELGOOD

By Foolbert Sturgeon

FEATURING DORMAN GRAMMIT

I FEEL SORTA DEPRESSED...

HAVE BEEN FOR A COUPLE OF YEARS...

DORMAN GRAMMIT IS "THINKING" AGAIN...

I THINK I'LL GO SEE DR. FEELGOOD

HE'S MY SHRINK!

Hmmm... No ANSWER. MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE PHONED AHEAD FOR AN APPOINTMENT...

BZZZ! BUZZ!

THIS IS A RECORDING! THE NUMBER YOU HAVE DIALED IS NOT IN SERVICE AT THIS TIME...

OH NO!

HIS NAME'S NOT ON THE MAILBOX ANYMORE! I CAN'T EVEN WRITE TO HIM!

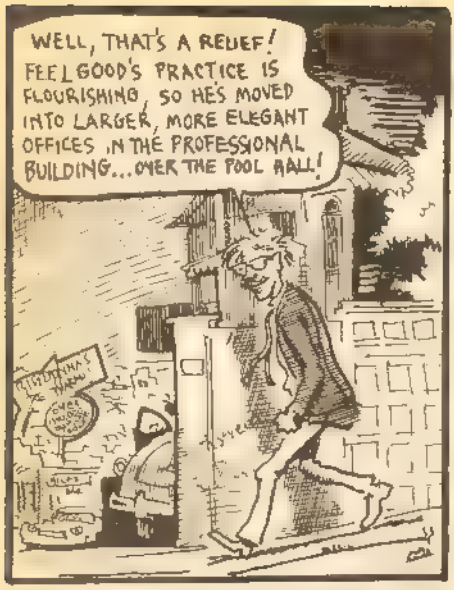
WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO HIM?

I'LL BET HE FELL BEHIND IN HIS RENT AND THEY EVICTED HIM!

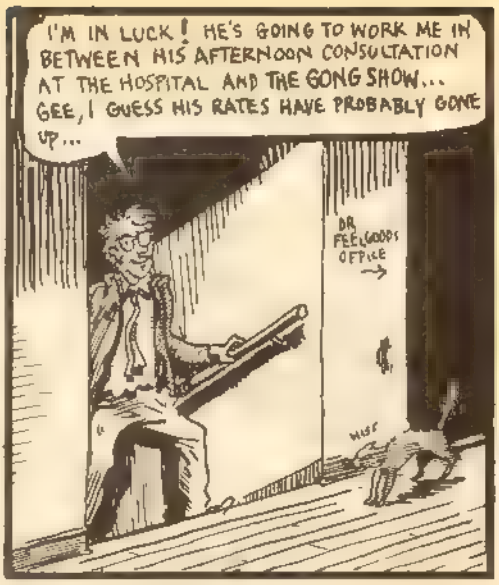
WHAT AM I GONNA DO IF I CAN'T FIND DR. FEELGOOD?

IF I GO NUTS I'LL JUST HAVE TO STAY NUTS!

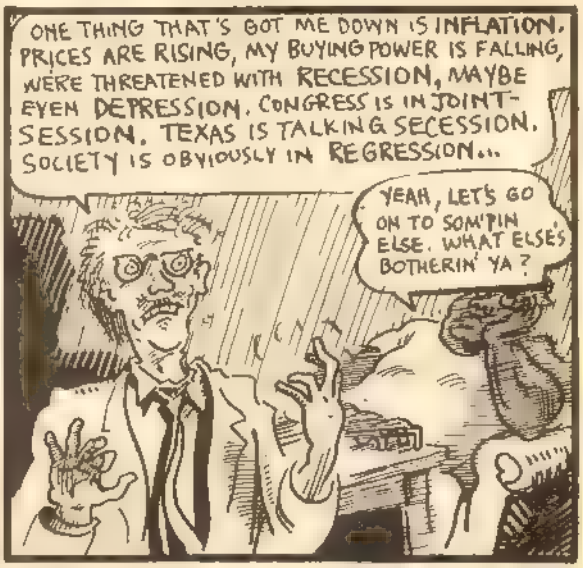
MAYBE HE LEFT A FORWARDING ADDRESS WITH THE BUILDING SUPERVISOR...


WELL, THAT'S A RELIEF! FEELGOOD'S PRACTICE IS FLOURISHING, SO HE'S MOVED INTO LARGER, MORE ELEGANT OFFICES IN THE PROFESSIONAL BUILDING... OVER THE POOL HALL!

THIS TIME I CALL FOR AN APPOINTMENT ... AND
WALGREE
TELE PHONE


I'M IN LUCK! HE'S GOING TO WORK ME IN BETWEEN HIS AFTERNOON CONSULTATION AT THE HOSPITAL AND THE GONG SHOW... GEE, I GUESS HIS RATES HAVE PROBABLY GONE UP...
DR. FEELGOODS OFFICE →
HISS

OKAY, DOMAN, I AIN'T SEED YOU IN QUITE A WHILE. WHUT'S UP?
I'M DOWN, DOC.
WELL, LET'S SEE NOW... WHAT EXACTLY... I SHOULD HAVE WRITTEN IT DOWN.


ONE THING THAT'S GOT ME DOWN IS INFLATION. PRICES ARE RISING, MY BUYING POWER IS FALLING, WE'RE THREATENED WITH RECESSION, MAYBE EVEN DEPRESSION. CONGRESS IS IN JOINT-SESSION. TEXAS IS TALKING SECESSION. SOCIETY IS OBVIOUSLY IN REGRESSION...
YEAH, LET'S GO ON TO SOM'PIN ELSE. WHAT ELSE'S BOTHERIN' YA?

WELL, HMMM. I HAVEN'T HAD A BOWEL MOVEMENT IN TWO WEEKS. MY BASEMENT'S FULL OF MILDEWED BOOKS. CAR ONLY GETS THREE MILES A GALLON...
KEEP GOIN'

RECENTLY I'VE HAD SOME VERY DISTURBING EROTIC DREAMS...
OKAY, TELL ME ABOUT DEM!

JUST WHUT'S SO BAD ABOUT HAVING EROTIC DREAMS, THOUGH... DEY MAKE YOU FEEL GUILTY?

NO... GULP! ... TO TELL THE TRUTH I REALLY WASN'T PREPARED TO TALK ABOUT THIS!

DE CLOCK IS TICKING WHILE YOU IS MAKIN' UP YO MIND...*

*AT THE RATE OF FIFTEEN BULLS PER HOUR

WELL, SURE... OKAY. THE TROUBLE IS, IN THESE DREAMS, THAT I HAVE, KIND OF AN IDENTITY CRISIS!

A "IDENTITY CRISIS"! I'D PRACTIC'LY FO'GOT ABOUT DEM! OKAY,

LET ME TELL YOU THE DREAM

MAKE IT GOOD!

I WAS WITH A SAFARI SOMEWHERE IN THE VELDT OF THE NORTHERN FAR WESTERN CORNER OF SOME SOUTH-EAST AFRICAN COUNTRY. WE'D BEEN TRAVELLING IN DISCOMFORT FOR DAYS, MYSTERIOUS SMOKE SIGNALS ON THE HORIZON. WE ALL KNEW WE WERE BEING WATCHED FROM AFAR. OUR NATIVE BEARERS WERE VERY NERVOUS. SUPPOSEDLY WE WERE THERE TO MAKE A MOVIE, BUT I WAS STILL UNEASY ABOUT WHAT OUR "MISSION" REALLY WAS...

GOD, IT'S HOT!

WHY DID WE COME ALL THE WAY OUT HERE TO MAKE 'TARZAN AND THE GIRAFFE MAN'. BEEN A LOT CHEAPER TO SHOOT IT IN 'JUNGLE WORLD' AT DISNEYLAND!

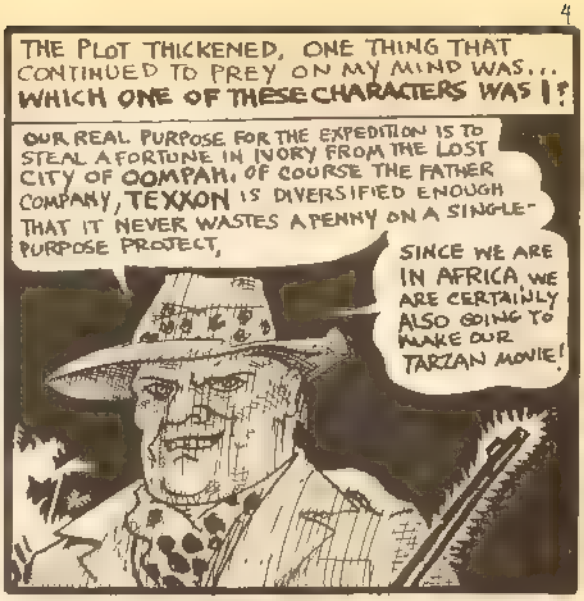
YEH, THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT THE WHOLE DEAL. WHY THE TRUCKFUL OF DEPTH CHARGES AND MINING EQUIPMENT... I THINK THE 'MOVIE' MAY BE A FRONT FOR THE CORPORATION'S REAL INTENTIONS!

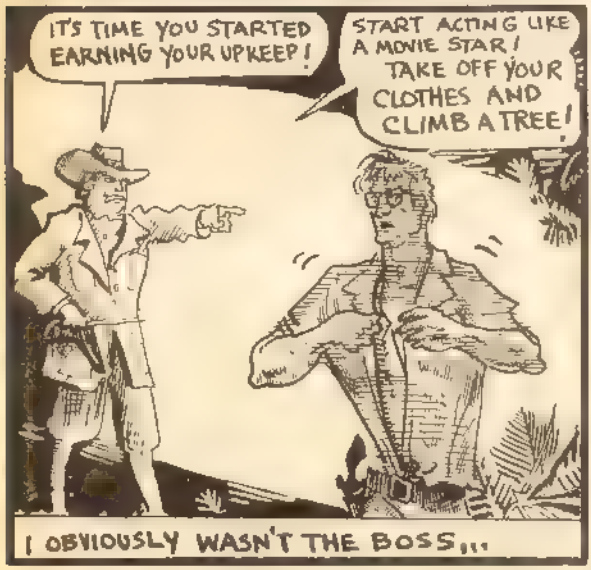
YEAH, I MIGHT HAVE THOUGHT AS MUCH. ONE REAL SUSPICIOUS THING TO ME IS: OF ALL THESE PEOPLE ON THE SAFARI— HUNTERS, BEARERS, CAMERA CREWS, SOUND MEN, GOPHERS, SCRIPT-GIRLS AND SECRETARIES, WHERE, I ASK YOU, IS THE ACTOR WHO'S SUPPOSED TO PLAY TARZAN?

YOU THINK YOU'RE HERE BECAUSE YOUR UNCLE OWNS THE STUDIO? YOU ARE GOING TO PLAY TARZAN !!!

OF COURSE THE GLASSES AND MOUSTACHE HAVE GOTTA GO! BE WORKING ON YOUR TAN!

THINGS WERE BEGINNING TO ADD UP, BUT, AT THE SAME TIME...
HERE'S THE BOSS, NOW, LET'S JUST ASK HIM?
ARE WE REALLY HERE TO MAKE A MOVIE?
AH, I GUESS YOU KIDS ARE WONDERING ABOUT THE AMMO AND THE MINING CREWS. I GUESS I CAN TELL YOU NOW WE'VE COME THIS FAR


THE PLOT THICKENED, ONE THING THAT CONTINUED TO PREY ON MY MIND WAS... WHICH ONE OF THESE CHARACTERS WAS I?
OUR REAL PURPOSE FOR THE EXPEDITION IS TO STEAL A FORTUNE IN IVORY FROM THE LOST CITY OF OOMPAH. OF COURSE THE FATHER COMPANY, TEXXON IS DIVERSIFIED ENOUGH THAT IT NEVER WASTES A PENNY ON A SINGLE-PURPOSE PROJECT,
SINCE WE ARE IN AFRICA, WE ARE CERTAINLY ALSO GOING TO MAKE OUR TARZAN MOVIE!


IT'S TIME YOU STARTED EARNING YOUR UPKEEP!
START ACTING LIKE A MOVIE STAR! TAKE OFF YOUR CLOTHES AND CLIMB A TREE!
I OBVIOUSLY WASN'T THE BOSS...

LIGHTS! ACTION!
LET GO OF THAT BRANCH! TARZAN AIN'T AFRAID OF FALLING!
WHIRR!
YOU GET TO BE JANE!
THAT'S WHAT I FIGURED.

THIS AIN'T WORKING SO HOT. HE'S GETTING ALL SCRATCHED UP. IT DON'T LOOK GOOD ON CAMERA.

WE'LL HAFTA GET A STUNT MAN TO FIGHT THE LEOPARD. HE'S TOO YELLA!
WHAT'S MY MOVIE NAME GOING TO BE?
LANCE BOYLE!
MIGHTA KNOWN WE COULDA MADE THIS IN NEW JERSEY!
FUNNY THING... I COULDN'T REMEMBER WHAT MY NAME WAS BEFORE! I WASN'T SURE THIS GUY WAS ME!

AS OUR TREK LED US DEEPER INTO DARKEST AFRICA, TENSIONS MOUNTED, "LANCE'S" BEHAVIOUR BECAME STRANGER...

WHERE DO YOU COME FROM, LANCE?

GEE, I NEVER THOUGHT ABOUT IT. I DON'T KNOW!

SCRATCH

ITCH

SOME SERIOUS THOUGHT WAS GIVEN TO HAVING "JANE" AND "TARZAN" CHANGE ROLES...

HMM

GEE!

BUT SOON ALL THOUGHTS OF THE MOVIE WERE DRIVEN FROM OUR MINDS!

THE ESCARPMENT!

BEYOND THAT IS THE LOST CITY !!!

FROM HERE ON WE GO ON FOOT! LUCKY WE GOT NATIVE BEARERS. CAREFUL WITH THAT NITRO!

NO! NO! NO! BWANA! JUJU COUNTRY BIGDONNA TRIBE BAD MEDICINE! BOYS SCARED TO GO FURTHER

YOU TELL THEM BOYS THEY'VE GOT ME TO BE SCARED OF. I PROTECT THEM FROM BIGDONNAS. GOT MANY RIFLE. THEY STAY, GET PAID PLENTY GOOD WHEN GET BACK TO KAMPALA...

BUT! IF THEY RUN... BOSS KILL THEM ALL! WITH BOOM STICK! YOU SAVVY GOOD?

YOU BET! I TELL THEM BOSS RICH! BOSS CRAZY! BOSS MEAN MOTHER!

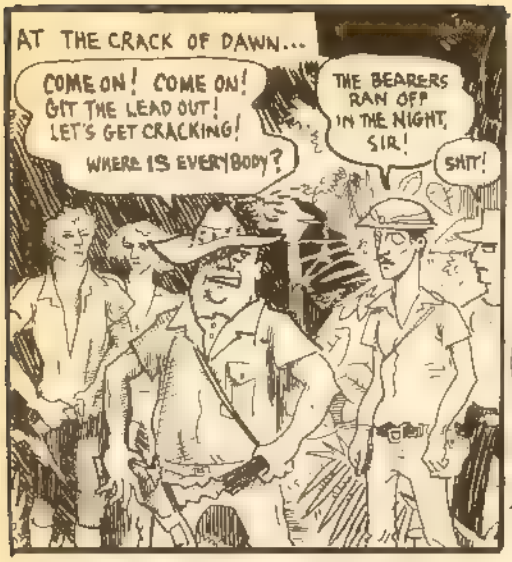
I AIN'T LETTING THOSE SUPERSTITIOUS SPOOKS QUEER A 40 MILLION DOLLAR PICTURE ANYMORE'N I'LL LET A TRIBE OF SPEAR-WAVIN' COONS KEEP ME AWAY FROM A FORTUNE IN DIAMONDS (OR WAS IT EMERALDS?) FROM HERE ON KEEP YOUR FINGER ON THE TRIGGER!

I GOT HEAT RASH AND DIARRHEA!

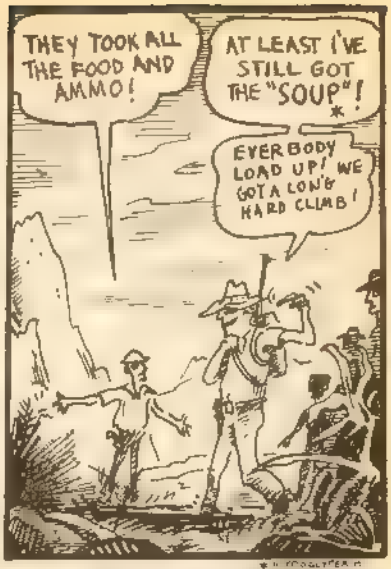
SOME LORD OF THE JUNGLE YOU TURNED OUT TO BE!

WELL! LA DEE DA! SO I'M NOT A GREAT MOVIE ACTOR. WELL, LET ME TELL YOU, SISTER, THIS IS ALL JUST MAKE-BELIEVE

WHEN PUSH COMES TO SHOVE WE'LL FIND OUT WHAT KIND OF STUFF I'M MADE OF!


AT THE CRACK OF DAWN...
COME ON! COME ON! GIT THE LEAD OUT! LET'S GET CRACKING!
WHERE IS EVERYBODY?
THE BEARERS RAN OFF IN THE NIGHT, SIR!
SHIT!

DAMN! WE'LL HAVE TO CARRY EVERYTHING OURSELVES! STRIP DOWN TO ESSENTIALS LIKE FOOD AND AMMO!
I KNEW THOSE BLACKS WERE YELLOW!


THEY TOOK ALL THE FOOD AND AMMO!
AT LEAST I'VE STILL GOT THE "SOUP"!
EVERYBODY LOAD UP! WE GOT A LONG HARD CLIMB!

ONE FALSE STEP WITH THIS STUFF AND THEY SWEEP YOU UP IN A DUST PAN!

ACH!
FFTT!

WHAT'S THIS? A CRUMMY LITTLE FEATHERED DART!
I HARDLY EVEN FELT IT!!
FLUCK

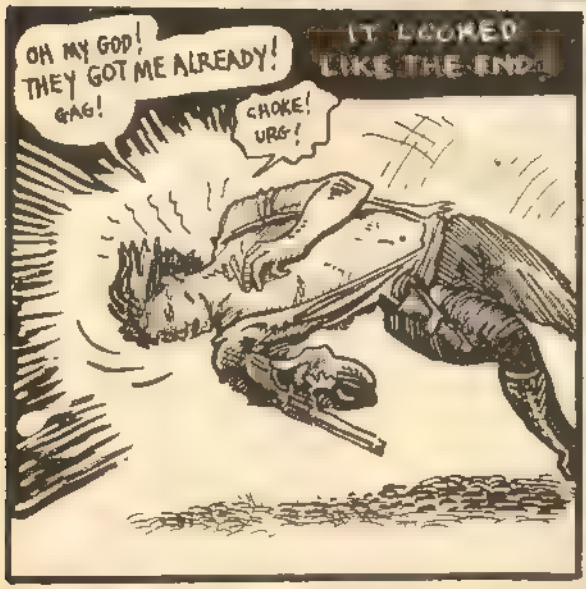
YEAH, THE CANNIBAL BIGDONNAS SHOOT POISONED DARTS!
OH YEAH!
URGG
HGGGGG

THE NITTY-GRITTY AT LAST! LANCE TAKE COMMAND!
EVERYBODY TAKE COVER! WE'RE SURROUNDED ON ALL SIDES! WE'LL HAVE TO SHOOT OUR WAY OUT OF HERE!
KAPOOM

HOW ARE WE GOING TO SHOOT OUR WAY OUT WITH NO AMMUNITION?
MAKE EVERY SHOT COUNT! AND FOR GOD'S SAKE, DON'T GET CAPTURED BY THESE DEVILS!
BUM!
BUM!

HO'D IT A MINNIT! WHAT'S SO EROTIC ABOUT DIS DREAM?
DON'T BE SO IMPATIENT! I'M GETTING TO IT! JUST ANOTHER PAGE OR SO!
DON'T FORGET TO SAVE THE LAST BULLET FOR YOURSELF, JANE!
AH, SHUT UP!

GASP!


IT LOOKED LIKE THE END!
OH MY GOD! THEY GOT ME ALREADY!
GAG!
CHOKE! URG!

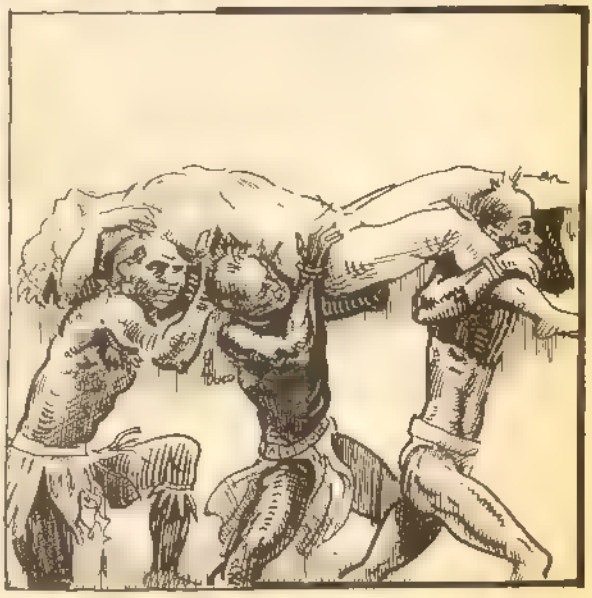
COULD IT BE? WAS I FINISHED?
DURGLE
I'D HOPED TO SAVE YOU FROM THIS ONE, JANE... THOUGHT I'D LAST LONGER
JUST ABOUT WHAT I EXPECTED!
CASTRATING BITCH!

THINGS WERE GOING BLACK... WE WERE ALL GOING DOWN... ALL DYING...

EXCEPT FOR JANE!
I'D NEVER HAD A DREAM LIKE THIS! WHEN THE HERO'S GONE THE DREAM SHOULD BE OVER! SHOULDN'T IT?

WHACK
ZIP
I WAS BEGINNING TO REALIZE THAT IN THIS DREAM...
THINGS WERE NOT EXACTLY WHAT THEY SEEEMED!
APPARENTLY I'D MISJUDGED MY ROLE IN THIS MOVIE-DREAM!
I WASN'T THAT JERK OF A 'HERO' AFTER. IT LOOKED LIKE I WAS GONNA BE 'JANE'!
ZZZZ ZZ!

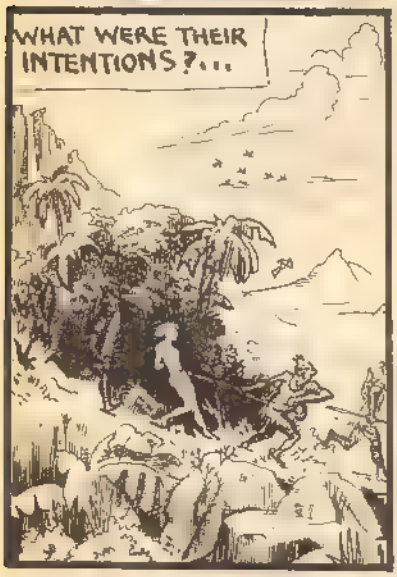
FLOT!

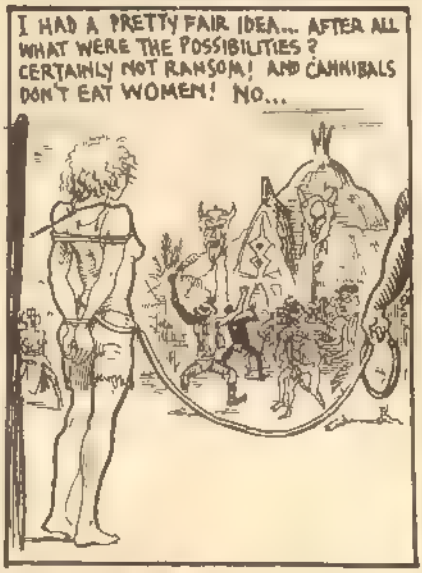


WHAT A PREDICAMENT!

AT LEAST THE DART WASN'T REALLY POISON, JUST TIPPED WITH SLEEPING POTION...

NO CHANCE OF ESCAPING AGAIN. NO HOPE OF RESCUE! THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR NOW WAS...


WHAT WERE THEIR INTENTIONS?...


I HAD A PRETTY FAIR IDEA... AFTER ALL WHAT WERE THE POSSIBILITIES? CERTAINLY NOT RANSOM! AND CANNIBALS DON'T EAT WOMEN! NO...

I'M TO BE EITHER A WHITE BRIDE FOR THEIR CHIEF, OR...

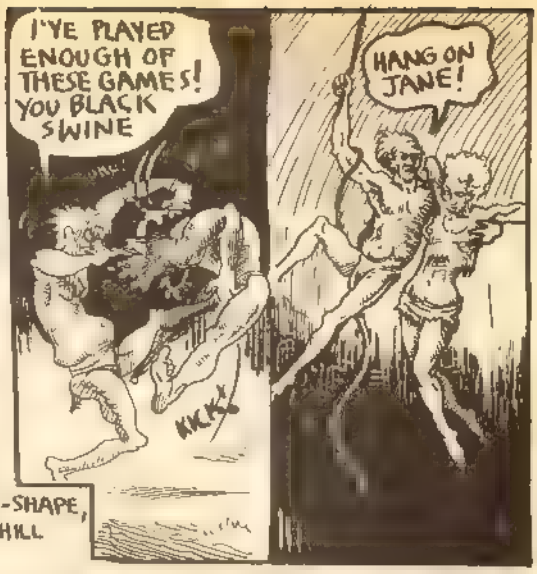
SOME SORT OF PAGAN RITUAL SACRIFICE!
MAYBE BOTH!

WAS THERE REALLY NO HOPE OF RESCUE?
WHERE THE HELL IS THAT GUY I THOUGHT I WAS AT FIRST...

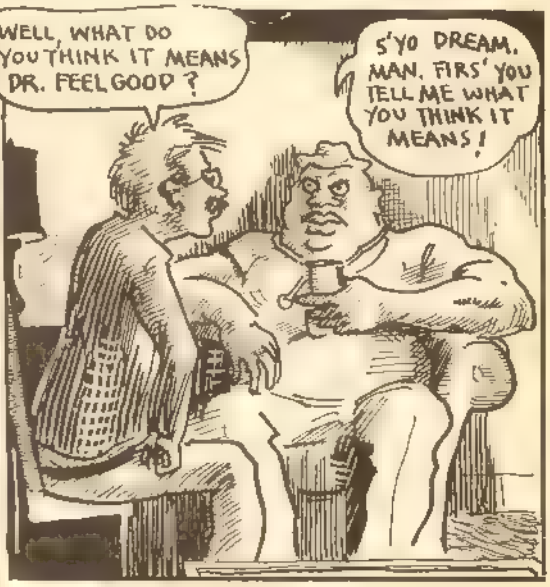
I KNOW HE'S NOT REALLY DEAD! AHA! THERE HE IS... HE'S WAKING UP! THERE'S SOMETHING DIFFERENT ABOUT HIM!

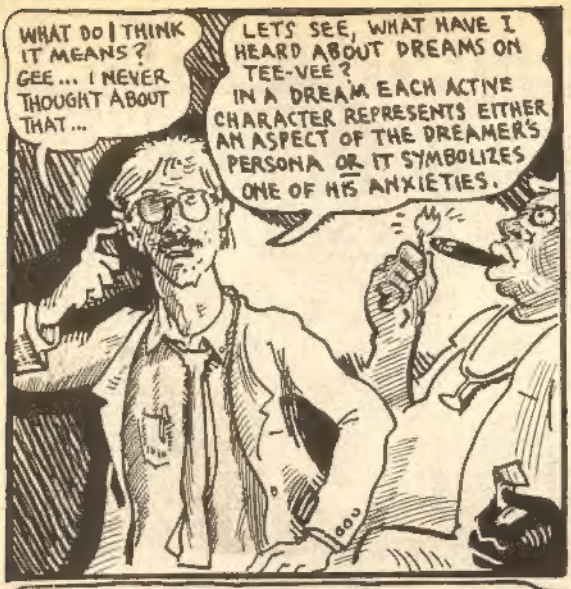
HIS MEMORY IS RESTORED!
HE'D BEEN ACTING A JERK BECAUSE HE DIDN'T REMEMBER HIS TRUE IDENTITY!

ACTUALLY "LANCE" WAS THE REAL "TARZAN" BUT HE DIDN'T KNOW IT BECAUSE HE HAD AMNESIA. THE SLEEPING POTION HAD RESTORED HIS MEMORY!
NOW, HE'D SHOW 'EM!
THE FURY OF THE APE-MAN
UMM! TARZAN FOLLOW JANE TRACKS!
LOCATING THE HOSTILE NATIVE VILLAGE WAS BUT SHORT WORK FOR THE LORD OF THE JUNGLE!
UM! TARZAN NOT JANE AFTER ALL!
TARZAN IS HIMSELF AGAIN!
UNGAWAH! DON'T TOUCH THAT WHITE WOMAN, YOU BLACK DEVILS!
YES! IT IS TARZAN OF THE APES WHO COMMANDS YOU, SKULKING CURS!
AM I REALLY SAYING THIS? GEE! SOUNDS KIND OF RACIST! I COULD GET INTO TROUBLE!
I HAVE SUPER HUMAN STRENGTH, INSTINCTS OF A JUNGLE CAT... A PERFECT PHYSICAL SPEC.MEN
YOU DON'T LOOK SO PERFECT TO ME, MAN!
OH YEAH!
UH, OH HE'S CALLING ME!
LOOK AT THIS MAGNIFICENT TRICEPS DEVELOPMENT!
TENSE FLEX
HMM! NOT AS MAGNIFICENT AS I THOUGHT!
AND HOW ABOUT THIS SOLEUS, HUH? EVER SEEN BETTER?
TEEZ! WHERE IS IT?
KNEES KINDA BONY
FLEX!
WHAT'S HAPPENING TO MY SPLENDID PHYSIQUE?

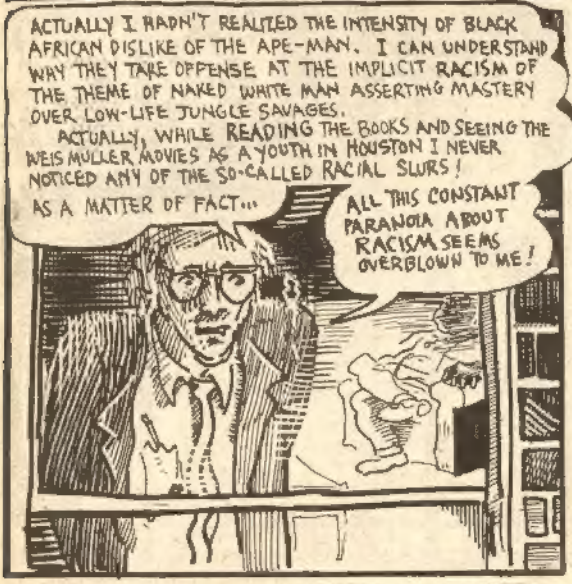


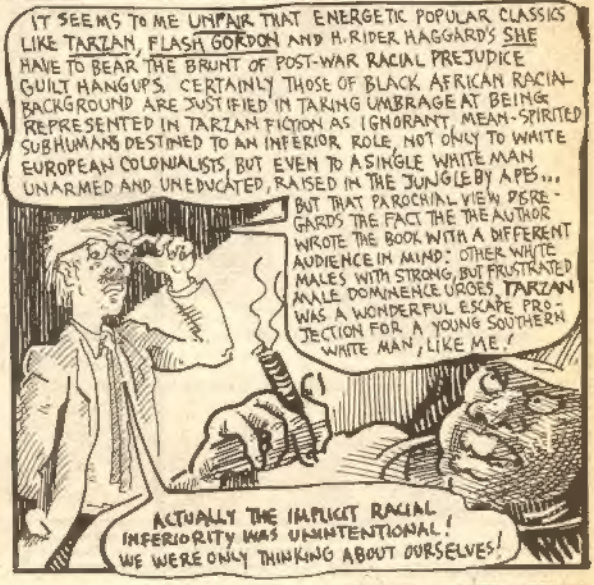
OH, NO! INSTEAD OF PRIME 1933 TARZAN-IN-GREAT-SHAPE, HERE I WAS, A FLABBY-OVERWEIGHT 1948 OVER-THE-HILL APE-MAN.




WHAT DO I THINK IT MEANS? GEE... I NEVER THOUGHT ABOUT THAT...
LETS SEE, WHAT HAVE I HEARD ABOUT DREAMS ON TEE-VEE? IN A DREAM EACH ACTIVE CHARACTER REPRESENTS EITHER AN ASPECT OF THE DREAMER'S PERSONA OR IT SYMBOLIZES ONE OF HIS ANXIETIES.

SO, THE CONFUSION OF IDENTITIES BETWEEN 'JANE' AND 'LANCE-TARZAN-ME' IS MISTAKEN BECAUSE THEY ACTUALLY ARE SEXUALLY POLAR-OPPOSITE PERSONIFICATIONS OF SEXUAL POTENCY FEAR. TARZAN AND JANE DERIVE THEIR COMPULSIVE SYMBOLIC POWER IN OUR SOCIETY FROM THEIR THINLY DISGUISED ROLES AS EXTENSIONS OF OUR COLLECTIVELY REPRESSED, PROBABLY EVERY ONE HAS TARZAN DREAMS!
YEAH YEAH, YEAH DAS RIGHT, SKIP A LIDDLE BIT!


ACTUALLY I HADN'T REALIZED THE INTENSITY OF BLACK AFRICAN DISLIKE OF THE APE-MAN. I CAN UNDERSTAND WHY THEY TAKE OFFENSE AT THE IMPLICIT RACISM OF THE THEME OF NAKED WHITE MAN ASSERTING MASTERY OVER LOW-LIFE JUNGLE SAVAGES.
ACTUALLY, WHILE READING THE BOOKS AND SEEING THE WEIS MULLER MOVIES AS A YOUTH IN HOUSTON I NEVER NOTICED ANY OF THE SO-CALLED RACIAL SLURS!
AS A MATTER OF FACT...
ALL THIS CONSTANT PARANOIA ABOUT RACISM SEEMS OVERBLOWN TO ME!


IT SEEMS TO ME UNFAIR THAT ENERGETIC POPULAR CLASSICS LIKE TARZAN, FLASH GORDON AND H. RIDER HAGGARD'S SHE HAVE TO BEAR THE BRUNT OF POST-WAR RACIAL PREJUDICE GUILT HANGUPS. CERTAINLY THOSE OF BLACK AFRICAN RACIAL BACKGROUND ARE JUSTIFIED IN TAKING UMBRAGE AT BEING REPRESENTED IN TARZAN FICTION AS IGNORANT, MEAN-SPIRITED SUBHUMANS DESTINED TO AN INFERIOR ROLE, NOT ONLY TO WHITE EUROPEAN COLONIALISTS, BUT EVEN TO A SINGLE WHITE MAN UNARMED AND UNEDUCATED, RAISED IN THE JUNGLE BY APES...
BUT THAT PAROCHIAL VIEW DISREGARDS THE FACT THE THE AUTHOR WROTE THE BOOK WITH A DIFFERENT AUDIENCE IN MIND: OTHER WHITE MALES WITH STRONG, BUT FRUSTRATED MALE DOMINENCE URGES. TARZAN WAS A WONDERFUL ESCAPE PROJECTION FOR A YOUNG SOUTHERN WHITE MAN, LIKE ME!
ACTUALLY THE IMPLICIT RACIAL INFERIORITY WAS UNINTENTIONAL! WE WERE ONLY THINKING ABOUT OURSELVES!

FOR US AFRICA WAS A REMOTE FANTASY WORLD WHERE EVIL WAS RAMPANT. ANY THING COULD HAPPEN THERE! IT NEVER OCCURRED TO ANYONE THAT BLACKS WOULD HAVE THEIR FEELINGS HURT. WE WERENT THINKING ABOUT YOU GUYS AT ALL!
YOU THINK THE SOUTHERN INTELLECTUAL IS PROUD OF HIS LATENT RACISM?
SUBLIMINAL GUILT POPPING OUT UNBIDDEN IN DREAMS IS TOUGH TO DEAL WITH...
LET'S FACE IT! LIKE MANY OTHERS OF MY GENERATION, I AM, AS THEY SAY "IN A BAG!"
WHY DOAN WE TAKE A LIDDLE BREAK!

I GONNA GO DOWN AN SHOOT A FEW GAMES UV EIGHT-BALL. WHEN I CUM BACK IN A COUPLE HOURS I HE'P YOU OUT'A YO' BAG!
NOT VERY FUNNY, DR. FEELGOOD!

THE END

Griffith Observatory

PEOPLE-WATCHING

the adventures of
FAT FREDDY's
CAT
and his friends...

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WE HAVE BEEN LOSING TOO MANY OF OUR NUMBERS THROUGH **SURPRISE ATTACKS!** WE MUST ATTEMPT A DANGEROUS BUT NECESSARY TACTIC: **BELLING THE CAT!**

I VOLUNTEER! I'LL DO IT!

THAT'S A BRAVE GIRL!

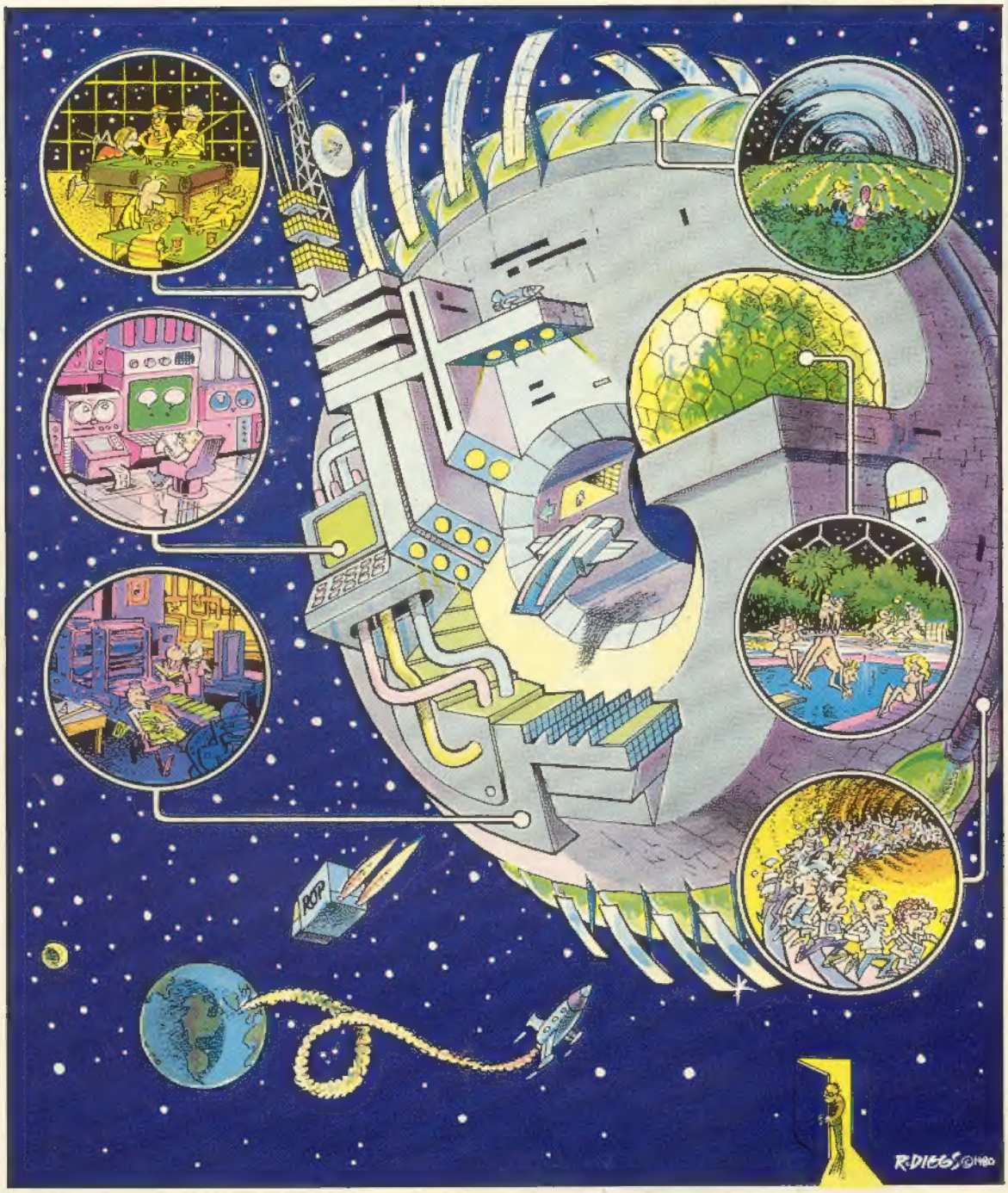
A SHORT WHILE LATER:

WHEW! ALL DONE! I CERTAINLY HOPE I DON'T **EVER** HAVE TO GO THROUGH AN ORDEAL LIKE **THAT** AGAIN!

HOW COULD YOU HAVE DONE IT ALREADY? YOU FORGOT TO TAKE THE **BELL** WITH YOU!

OHHHHHH! **BELL** THE CAT!

I THOUGHT YOU SAID **BALL** THE CAT!



Future World ROP, affectionately known as "Oh" Section down at the plant, features a central zero-gravity docking facility and ideal weather for Satellite Sinsemilla (seen growing in upper right hand view of "the North Forty", one of the two cultivated areas on board). Mirrored brilliance insures a bountiful yield when mechanized harvesters bring in the crop.

Upper left is a typical shift at Cosmic Central Command where thanks to a stationary orbit the bridge has little to do but play cards, shoot pool and drink Tall Toad Beer all day.

Not so below. Next is our Main Composing Room where we see one of our artists at the controls of our new Series 9000 Comographic, a mighty computer programmed with all possible comic situations. With it the artist-writer can complete stories in minutes, epics in hours, though this may leave the operator exhausted. A printout mechanism then feeds the new ROP material through a slot in the floor directly to our massive Press Room pictured bottom left.

After a tiring bout of creativity our artists often come to the magnificent Rip Off Pleasure Dome (right center). Besides an Olympic-size pool and hanging gardens, the Pleasure Dome boasts an eager staff of excited groupies anxious to ease the mind and get the creative juices flowing again.

Finally, ever mindful of the energy crunch, the entire space station is powered by hordes of underground artists racing around the perimeter seeking recognition.

Outside, a ROP space van can be seen delivering its latest load of new sensations to the expectant masses below, while a rocket of tourists and other important dignitaries climbs to the ultimate Rip Off penthouse in the sky.

Meanwhile in the opposite corner, President Fred Todd peeks through the door of his outer office to make sure everyone is working. *Outer* office? Ha! Fooled you. The entire thing is enclosed in our mammoth Rip Off warehouse located in downtown San Francisco! In fact it covers three Bay Area counties and stocks the funniest comics in or out of this world. For a catalog, send 50¢ to...

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